Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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Ten Key Men of Business

BY EDWARD A. FILENE

MYTHS have surely had their uses. All human societies have seemingly developed around beliefs which are no longer tenable in this scientific age.

No present-day educator of my acquaintance actually believes in Santa Claus, although some insist that such a belief is not only harmless but even beneficial to little children. They themselves can not believe in Santa Claus as an objective reality, as the child mind apparently must do if it is to believe in Santa Claus at all. Nevertheless, no one is born with a scientific outlook; which is one to be achieved, as the outlook of immaturity is progressively abandoned.

That is my apology for writing about the ten greatest business men of America. Actually and objectively, there are no supermen. There are men with excellent qualities, but the most excellent are not necessarily the greatest. In fact, excellence and greatness are both relative terms: "Excellent for what purpose?" is a question which we can not avoid.

BUT what do we mean by greatness? Usually we think of it as the quality of leadership. We think of Cæsar and Napoleon as great, although, if they were our contemporaries, it is quite possible that history would not pay much attention to them. Each was able to command loyalty and coöperation. Both had exceptional ability as organizers and a driving ambition to employ their talents to the fullest extent which opportunity might afford. We may only speculate, however, as to whether their particular mental and psychic characteristics would be in such demand in our machine civilization as they were in the military societies in which they functioned. Perhaps they were men who temperamentally could not help giving orders in a world in which the masses were crying out loud for some one to give them orders; but the masses of today seem to feel no such psychic

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need. Some prominent men of our present society, lacking an understanding of their own prominence, come to look upon themselves as Napoleons: but when this happens, as a rule, their usefulness ceases. Perhaps they are Napoleons. I do not deny the claim, but I can not help classifying them as Napoleons out of date.

HISTORY lists many orators on its scroll of fame, but there are no great orators in the modern world. We may have orators, however, quite as excellent as Demosthenes or Webster: but since we have relatively little use for their oratory, there is not the slightest chance of their gaining recognition as great world leaders today.

But myths, I believe, are still useful, and the "great man" is a phrase, at least, which we can hardly dispense with yet. Only the immature, however, will insist that greatness connotes a superman. A man is great, it seems to me, in so far as he expresses the age in which he lives and helps to organize human thought and action in harmony with the needs of that particular age. He can hardly do this, naturally, unless he has many excellent qualities: nevertheless, I am quite willing to believe that greatness depends mostly upon chance adequately recognized and used.

I think of Henry Ford as the greatest business man, not merely of America, but of the world. It does not follow, however, that Ford would have attained any such position if he had been born in any other era than that of the motor car. Ford has had more influence on the times than any other living man. But Ford did not make the times. The times made Ford.

IT WOULD be impossible to comprehend Cæsar's greatness without having some concept of the Roman Empire and the forces which brought it into existence. That Cæsar brought it into existence because of his intrinsic skill as an empire builder can not now be accepted. The times were ripe for such a development: Cæsar was but the answer to the need of the times for a competent human executive. Had he been born in the days before the expansion of trade made imperialism necessary, he might or he might not have become a great barbaric chieftain: but it seems to me quite probable that barbaric chiefs, to be most effective in the kind of work which they would be called upon to do, might have to be made out of very different human material than that required for the making of a Cæsar.

Similarly, it is impossible to appraise Ford's greatness unless we have some adequate picture in our minds of the era of mass production. Ford did not invent mass production any more than Cæsar invented imperialism: he simply worked out its principles, and demonstrated their practicability in such a way that the world had to employ them thereafter.

Andrew Carnegie, a generation before Ford, discovered and demonstrated that large-scale production was not merely economical, but that its economies might make it possible so to reduce prices that there would be a demand for the greater volume of product and that, through large

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sales at smaller profits, a very much expanded total of profits might result.

But Carnegie, great as his achievements were, does not symbolize mass production. Carnegie, whether he wished to be or not, was at war with his employees. He was an almost ideal philanthropist, and not only did not care for the millions which he was piling up, but devoutly believed that he had no right to keep them and that, to be honorable, he must die poor. So he gave away his millions and gave them, everything considered, very wisely. There was little relation, however, between the principles employed by Carnegie, the manufacturer, and those employed by Carnegie, the philanthropist. For the steel industry, which piled up this wealth for Carnegie to give away, and which made it possible for those with a taste for reading to borrow good books, herded workers in slums and overworked and underpaid them inhumanly, making it unlikely, among other things, that they should develop literary tastes.

It was Henry Ford, getting in on the ground floor of a promising new industry, who not only made that industry one of the greatest in the world, but who demonstrated to the world that it does not pay to exploit any part of the public for the benefit of any other part.

Such exploitation often had paid greatly, but Ford rendered the principle of exploitation archaic by demonstrating how more profits could be made through enriching people than through impoverishing them.

If any economist had discovered this principle at such a time, he would rightly have deserved much praise. But Ford did more than discover the principle. He practised it and demonstrated that it was correct. It is possible, in fact, that he tried the principle and discovered its practicability before he developed any hard-and-fast conviction concerning it. When he first gave his common labor the unheard-of-wage of five dollars a day, it was generally supposed that he must be either very crazy or very good: but the traditions of business were still so heavy even upon the so-called liberal minds of the times as to keep them from seeing that he was simply our greatest business man.

His position does not need to be argued now. Business progress, since that day, has largely been a matter of catching up with Ford. Low prices on a scale which Carnegie never thought of have now become the accepted principle of our most prosperous industries.

Years before Ford, some business leaders had learned that a small margin of profits might expand sales so that a greater total profit could be attained. But Ford taught business to set prices so low that great masses would be able to purchase the product whether, by all known methods of production, the product could be sold profitably at that price or not; and then so to utilize the sciences of management and research, and so to eliminate waste, that the product *could* be sold profitably within that price.

Low prices, he demonstrated, compel good management: and every increase in wage has similarly been a spur to better management. When it

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was supposed that wages must be paid out of profits, it was very logically argued by the Socialists that good and generous employers must tend to disappear while the ultra greedy ones would be left to dominate the situation. But when Ford demonstrated that wages need not be paid out of profits, but that the highest possible wages are consistent with the greatest total profits, and even contribute to them, he destroyed the very premise of Marxian Socialism.

Before Mr. Ford made this demonstration, business was forever getting in its own way and destroying the markets which it was imperative that it should have. For, no matter how economical these great new labor-saving inventions were, the public could not buy the increased volume of products which they were turning out, for the purchasing power of the public had not correspondingly increased. As the Ford policies are coming to be understood, however, the necessity of relating purchasing power to producing power is being understood, and that is working a revolution in all human relations. I have been insisting for some time that Mr. Ford should be given the Nobel Peace Prize, because he has done more than any other living man to demonstrate that the prosperity of business depends upon the prosperity of consumers, and that no nation can afford to have another nation exploited. The logical outcome of this discovery is the economic unity of the whole world, and eventually a universal understanding that national groups must work eagerly for the prosperity of all other national groups if there are to be world markets for any of them. In a word, not because human nature has changed, but because we are coming to understand the nature of the machine through which it must now express itself, we must soon be waging peace as eagerly and passionately and selfishly as we ever waged war.

Because I see Ford in the light of this second industrial revolution, I am compelled to exclude from my list of the ten greatest American business men very many excellent and most admirable gentlemen who are still holding positions of eminence in the business world. Their greatness, however, is hardly of our time. They are philanthropists, mostly: and although they may have adopted many of the principles of mass production and mass distribution (for they could hardly be eminent business men if they had not), they seem to me in the main to be functioning with the mental attitude and equipment which served them well in the days in which they were climbing to success, but without taking into account the tremendous changes which have now come over the world.

Next to Ford, it seems to me, I must place Owen D. Young: for Young is not only one of the most successful executives of modern business but a man with a business philosophy and a business voice which make him preëminently the world's greatest industrial statesman.

For a hundred and fifty years, the world tried vainly to fit high-power

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machinery into traditional thinking. The way that people earned their living had changed, and the way that the different units of society were fundamentally related to each other had changed, but the old theory of government, the old diplomacy and the old notion of what constitutes prosperity, had not changed. The result, inevitably, was war, and more war — war generally between peace-loving peoples. And when the old order finally expired in the throes of the World War, it was vainly supposed that the survivors could enjoy an old-fashioned victory.

The statesmanship of earth, then, ponderously decided upon two fundamental principles. First, the side which was beaten should pay all the costs. Second, it should not be allowed any money to pay them with. The result of this mad diplomacy was to reduce all Europe to such a state that people began to wonder if victory were not more disastrous than defeat.

ONE nation, and only one, had prospered. It had not prospered because of the war, for it had invested twenty billions of dollars in that war, and wars can not pay dividends. But it had prospered because it had launched out on a career of mass production — which, in its final analysis, means production for the masses — and it had within its borders a sufficiently large population to take and use the new comforts and luxuries which the new machine was turning out. Europe eventually, then, was compelled to look to America for leadership. Not, however, to American political statesmanship (for our political statesmanship of the time had gone wool-gathering) but to our industrial statesmanship. And eventually, after all the traditional thinkers had worn each other out, there was a disposition to listen to the still, small voice of fact — the patient and philosophic but very scientific Owen D. Young. So the Dawes plan was adopted. It was not an ideal solution and Mr. Young made no such claim for it, but it brought facts instead of opinions to the fore, and Europe began her economic recovery. Owen D. Young is typical, not only of the new industrial order which has come upon the world but of the new world diplomacy which the new order has made necessary. It happens, however, that no eulogies are needed. Few, I think, would seriously consider a list of ten greatest Americans, or even of the ten greatest leaders in the world today, on which the name of Owen D. Young did not appear.

MY NEXT nomination may not receive such universal agreement. People generally have learned to honor their benefactors: and by benefactors they have usually meant the rich who have given most generously to the poor. Such philanthropy has always been necessary, and it is still necessary. It will continue to be required until there is such a general acceptance of the system of scientific mass production and mass distribution that the masses shall have adequate buying power. In the mean time, our notions of philanthropy are changing. It has now become apparent to all thinking people that mere doles are destructive and create more poverty than they relieve. It has also become apparent that accumulating

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wealth by the old process of exploiting the public, and atoning for the exploitation by contributing to philanthropic projects which may be very worthy in themselves, is of extremely dubious value socially. This is the reason why Americans so commonly admire Ford, whose personal benefactions are few but who contributes so much to the creation of widespread prosperity, while they have little regard for the financial buccaneer who may give away his fortune at death to hospitals and colleges.

NEXT on my list, nevertheless, I would place a great philanthropist: not, however, because he is a great philanthropist, but because he is a great business leader whose business experience had led him to see through the shams of philanthropy and the pretenses of greatness which so often go with the accidental accumulation of great wealth. Julius Rosenwald would be the last man in our modern world to think of himself as great. As he so modestly expresses it, he has simply had great luck. It was inevitable in the evolution of our society from handicraft to large scale machine production that certain systems of economical, widespread distribution should be developed, and Mr. Rosenwald happened to be within hearing distance when Opportunity announced this need with one of her well known knocks, and was "lucky" enough to have equipped himself beforehand so that he was all ready to answer the summons. It was also inevitable that whoever performed this great new service adequately would achieve a great new fortune — so large a fortune, in fact, that it would be sure to turn the head of an egotist with delusions of grandeur and self-admiration.

BUT Julius Rosenwald was not that type of man. He was a man of the present era, a man of this matter-of-fact, machine-production age. So he did not look upon his huge fortune as a tribute of distinction which a grateful universe had very properly bestowed upon him. He looked at it, rather, as something which he had to accept along with his job. He had no personal use for such an amount of money, and he had no desire to spend it in the direction of an enduring monument to himself. As far as giving it to "worthy causes" was concerned, he was a bit sceptical as to just how long such causes might remain worthy.

He might, for instance, create a perpetual endowment for the discovery of a cure for cancer, and things might happen within a few years which would turn such a constructive undertaking into a destructive joke. For somebody might discover a cure for cancer which would completely eradicate the disease, at the very time that some other hitherto unknown plague might make its appearance and require the concentration of medical and bacteriological science upon ways and means of preventing it from destroying the human race. In such an event, however, an endowment devoted to the discovery of a cure for cancer could not be used to meet the new emergency. The human race might languish in its new agonies, but the laws being what they are, this great endowment must be employed to

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divert human science from attention to human needs and keep it perpetually at work discovering something already discovered.

AMERICA today is cursed by a staggeringly large amount of money controlled by dead men in funds and endowments which no longer have any human excuse for functioning. I would hesitate to say how many hundreds of millions of dollars are so tied up. The public may know of the fund left by the St. Louis philanthropist for the purpose of caring for stranded members of the covered wagon caravan which was then wending its way toward the Golden West. It may also know of the fund founded by Benjamin Franklin to help bound-out apprentices, or of the farm which under the advice of Alexander Hamilton was dedicated by Captain Randall as a haven for sailors, and which now occupies several blocks in the heart of New York City. It may likewise know something of orphans' asylums which have long since run short of orphans but can not be used for any other purpose. And of wealthy vestries of churches who must still meet and administer the church endowments, although the churches no longer exist excepting in a theoretical and legal way. No one knows and no one can tell how many college and university endowments are still busy doing things which nobody wants done, while their presidents are out scouring the country for new endowments for urgently necessary work which may, however, be totally unnecessary a few years hence.

I shall not mention the details of Mr. Rosenwald's benefactions. It is enough to say that his riches did not develop an ambition to govern the people of the future with his dead hand. There were things to be done, he knew. But he did not know, and did not pretend to know, what it would be necessary to do years after he was dead. He has given largely and exceptionally wisely, and is still giving: but in the mean time he has seen to it that anything which he may leave will be spent, both interest and capital, to serve the times in which the fortune was accumulated.

THIS is a period of fundamental social change. Society is in flux. It can not violently overthrow all its ancient institutions, but it must constantly adjust its mind to the needs of the new time. It is doubtful if the evils inherent in the ancient laws of property could be cured by any new code which it would be humanly possible to adopt. Technically, at least, stockholders own and therefore theoretically control our modern industries, although, as a matter of fact, the stockholders of such organizations as General Motors and General Electric have no knowledge of the industries which they technically own and could not possibly control them. The control of such industries has been constantly passing, not as many suppose, into the hands of a few large owners, but out of the hands of ownership and into the hands of scientific management. I know of no way, however, by which this change could now be registered in law: but until the change becomes widely understood and acted upon, there are bound to be many abuses connected with the great and eventually beneficent transition.

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One of the most obvious abuses of today is the rake-off sometimes exacted by capital for the necessary organization and reorganization of industry. Mergers, good in themselves, are too often handicapped at the start by unwarranted and unscientific demands on the part of bankers and promoters. Business tradition, not real business understanding, dictates their actions, and it is easy for them to convince themselves (and that part of the tradition-bound public which does not happen to be temporarily envious of them) that they are entitled to all the money that they can decently make. So they are. But the need of the hour in banking circles is a leader who understands that it is bad banking to charge too high prices for bank services, just as Mr. Ford discovered that it was bad business to charge more than was absolutely necessary for his product. I believe that banking has developed such a leader in Amadeo P. Giannini and I therefore put him on the list.

It is a truism of modern economics that mass production demands mass distribution. Mass production makes it possible to multiply the output of man's labor, but if the masses of mankind can not buy back this product, the most efficient mass production methods must be discontinued. It is the scandal of our times, however, that while the cost of production has been going down and down, the cost of distribution has actually been going up. Here is the point at which American business most needs leadership, and the main objective of the leader in distribution will be such a lowering of prices that the masses will receive the greatest possible values for their money and the distributor, as an economic corollary, will achieve greater total profits. America has not yet developed any "Ford of distribution": but it seems to me that Jesse Straus, of Macy's, is in the vanguard and I nominate him among the greatest ten, although he is only at the beginning of his greatest business and social usefulness.

Another important aspect of the current economic and social revolution is the change which is taking place in the relations between capital and labor. Theoretically, there is no further conflict between them, but actually there is likely to be an important difference of viewpoint still between even enlightened workers and enlightened business men. Another great need of the hour, therefore, is a leader who is able to effect the best working alliance between labor consciously organized to advance its own interests and business consciously organized to secure greater total profits.

From this viewpoint, one might be justified in nominating William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, or Sidney Hillman, leader of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers' Union, as among America's ten great business minds. But neither is a business man, as the term is usually understood, and I therefore nominate Daniel Willard, President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Mr. Willard has demonstrated his business leadership on every front. Under discouraging conditions, he transformed the Baltimore and Ohio into a most progres-

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sive system, now known throughout the country not merely for its excellent schedules but for fine service of every kind. I doubt that even Mr. Willard could have done this, however, except for his far-sighted coöperation with the rank and file of his employees organized and trained in the school of labor unionism. I can not see that a "company union" could have turned the trick: for the company union at best is likely to suggest to its members what too careful parents so often suggest to their children — that they are in danger of being corrupted if they play too much with outsiders; and the children, therefore, like the company unionists, are likely to miss a very healthy and much-needed outside point of view.

It is true that many of the labor union traditions have now become obsolete with respect to some of our industrial organizations, and as the new system of mass production progresses, the old notion of war between labor and capital must fade from memory. But the new order has not yet become fully conscious. Also, the new order will not arrive at maximum efficiency until it has the conscious and enthusiastic support of labor, which is far different from a passive acquiescence on the part of individual workers generally in the belief that their bosses will take good care of them. Mr. Willard, then, may be set down not only as a great railroad leader but as one of the greatest leaders of business generally.

When one thinks of the world in terms of the revolution which is going on, it is quite probable that one will not think of the firm of J. P. Morgan and Company in terms of revolutionary leadership. But Morgan is an institution and is not escaping the change which is coming over all our institutions. An essential characteristic of the new times is that people are living less and less in small groups and more and more in the community of the whole world. This has necessitated the sloughing off of an age-old provincialism and the taking on, first of cosmopolitanism, then of a culture which can hardly be named but which suggests, at least, a sense of world citizenship. This new culture has been particularly necessary in the world of finance; and it has found its best expression, it seems to me, in one of the great leaders of J. P. Morgan and Company. I speak, of course, of Thomas P. Lamont — a gentleman who, without losing one iota of his Americanism, is still able to think Chinese problems through with the Chinese, French problems with the French, and ordinary human problems with ordinary human beings everywhere, and has given us a new meaning to the old term — a gentleman of the world.

I have three nominations left, and three hundred names pressing for consideration. It is too much, and I am tempted strongly to quit right here, let the reader finish the story in the way he wants it finished and, incidentally, save my own face. But I have committed myself, and I must go on. Hence, I nominate for the remaining places in the list of ten greatest American business men Thomas A. Edison, Charles F. Kettering and Herbert Hoover.

The only objection which can be

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made to these last three nominations is that they are not business men. In their case, however, that is a mere technicality. Mr. Edison, if not a great business man or a great manufacturer, has surely manufactured more business for America than any other American. Mr. Kettering, I am told, is so divorced from the ordinary business man's point of view that he refuses to have anything to do with the millions which have come to him and hires a salaried expert to take full charge of all his finances, thus releasing his own mind completely for the solution of engineering problems. But this is not a divorce from business. For Mr. Kettering knows business in its fundamentals as clearly, it seems to me, as it can be known today. And although he must realize that the statement "Business is service" is still encrusted with layer upon layer of pure bunk, he still knows that business is *becoming* service and is personally setting a pace which business will more and more be compelled to follow. I am often asked, and I have never been able to answer, "Who is the big man in General Motors?" I do not claim the distinction for Mr. Kettering. It is possible, in fact, that the greatness of General Motors is due in large part to the discovery that there "ain't no such animal." Nevertheless, there is greatness in General Motors, and Charles F. Kettering is an excellent symbol of it.

Herbert Hoover is — well, for the information of those who may not know just who he is, let me say that he has proved himself to be a superb leader of American business at a supreme moment in its evolution. It is therefore self-evident that he belongs among the ten greatest business men in America.

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Two Low Brows in Red Russia

By Mary Van Rensselaer Cogswell

What happens when a pair of venturesome American women, on pleasure bent and with no axe to grind, explore the Soviet hinterland

Until very recently everyone who has gone to Russia has made the trip with some definite purpose in mind. A regiment of prominent authors have been the guests of the Soviets in order to tell the world about "the great experiment," business men have hurried there seeking some rich plum, and art dealers of the more virile type have undergone the long journey to nose out delicious bargains.

But the low brows who travel for pleasure with no axe to grind have been few and far between. Most of the low brows have been scared off by the amazing tales concocted by returning travellers and by the difficulties in obtaining visas.

Last spring, when I decided to go to Russia and roam about by myself for a month or two, I had the innocent idea that all I had to do was to signify my desire and that in a few days the delighted Soviets would send me a visa. But when I tried to get a visa I was regarded with cold suspicion. It seemed that single ladies under forty were not in the habit of wandering about alone in Russia just to satisfy their curiosity. It would take at least six weeks to obtain a visa even if (the "if" was stressed) my application was accepted. The only way to be sure about a visa was to join some kind of a tour.

Previous to receiving these rebuffs I was fairly lukewarm about a Russian trip, but after them wild horses could not have kept me from going. So I was able to join a very grand tour impressively called "The Delegation of American Business Men to Russia"; which, incidentally turned out to be the exact opposite of what you might have expected from its name.

Then I induced Linda, a companion of other summers, to go with me. We decided to do most of our travelling alone and to join the tour only at certain times. After waiting a day in Berlin for Linda's visa and having a terrible morning in Warsaw vainly trying to extricate my bag from the Polish customs who had shut up shop and were taking a holiday, we found ourselves at last actually *en route* for the Red frontier.

We began to discuss what would

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happen to us going through the customs. We thought that probably we would be undressed and searched or that, at least, our baggage would be thoroughly mussed up and our cameras confiscated. A well-known publicity man had told Linda that every bit of printed matter was scrutinized carefully and if you were found with any book that criticized the Soviets too freely you were liable to get into trouble. Consequently we decided to throw most of our books out of the window. I hadn't quite finished reading a very startling book called *Moscou sans Voiles;* in fact I was in the midst of a description of the cult of nudity in Rostov-on-the-Don. So I hung on to it until Linda, who was nervous for fear that some station official would see me getting rid of it, insisted that I throw it away.

WE ALIGHTED at the Russian frontier, just as the sun was setting. I was tremendously thrilled to be on Soviet soil and equally relieved to find that the Bolsheviks did not scorn the use of porters, who were nice, round, fat men with the shiniest faces. Their long canvas aprons gave them a decidedly matronly appearance. The station itself was made of varnished logs and it looked far more like a chic camp in the Adirondacks than an outpost of Red Russia.

The customs ordeal was a decided disappointment, for we were not searched. All they did was to register the cameras and the few pieces of jewelry that we had. But, just as we were about to take our seats in the train for Leningrad, a soldier came up and said something to me. Translated it meant, "You can not proceed! You have no visa!" I indignantly denied that I was without a visa and showed him a page in my passport covered with Russian writing.

"That visa is no good," he observed. "It expired two weeks ago. However, the papers of your friend are in order and she may proceed."

I HASTILY said that she couldn't go without me and that, visa or no visa, I simply had to arrive in Leningrad the next day. Linda stepped nobly into the breach. She couldn't go without me — if I stayed, she stayed, she told him. By this time we had collected a gratifyingly large crowd of officials, passengers and porters. So I explained to them collectively at first (in ghastly German) and individually afterward, that I *had* to get to Leningrad the next day. I was expected. I tried to insinuate that there might be quite a lot of trouble for everyone concerned if I was delayed. The officials retired to an inner office while I sat in the midst of an interested group and explained my plight, although more than half of them could not understand a word of what I was saying.

In the interim I found out that Russian visas only last for a few days and mine, having been obtained in Paris almost a month before, was as defunct as a dodo. Five minutes before the train was due to leave I had given up hope and was looking around for a soft spot on the station floor on which to sleep, when a soldier emerged from the little office.

"If the Miss will get on the train her passport will be given to her after the train starts."

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We didn't wait a minute but ran out of the station, followed by several porters and the station master. We made a bee line for the "hard seats" (third class) for which we had tickets, but the station master barred the way and triumphantly waved us into the "soft seats" (first class). If we would travel in Russia, we would have to travel in the style which he thought proper.

The train was much wider than those of other European countries. We each had a compartment with a long seat swathed in a linen slip cover, a small wash stand, a table and a brass lamp with a green shade. Over the door was a large niche for luggage. We were exhausted after the excitement of the day, so we blew up our air pillows, placed our handkerchiefs wet with *eau de cologne* over our noses (for it was very dusty), and went to sleep.

THE next day we had the *provodnik* (train porter) bring us tea, which came boiling hot in glasses, with two lumps of delicious coarse sugar on the side. At every station we got off and went into the buffet to buy bread, beer and sausages, or else strawberries from women peddling them on the platform, or perhaps ten kopecks of good, watery ice cream. While *en route* we saw our first woman railway worker, who was enormous. She had on a long overcoat like a man's and a cap with a visor. Her feet were encased in gigantic boots and she flapped red and green flags with deadly efficiency. She impressed us and we felt proud of our sex.

In the evening we arrived in Leningrad and were disgorged into the whirlpool of the station. Two porters (who robbed us outrageously, we discovered later) grabbed our bags and piloted us to a droshky. Such a droshky! It was covered with a thick layer of yellow dust and the mudguards were tied on with string. By bracing one foot against a rickety lantern I was just able to stay in the carriage and balance a bag or two in my lap.

WE BOUNCED along over the cobbles through what was evidently the poorer part of the city, for houses were crumbling in places and many of the windows were broken. The people in the streets looked dull enough but many of them were laughing and smiling, which surprised us as some writer had said that she had never seen a Bolshevik smile. Our droshky sidled up to the Hotel de l'Europe through a welter of new Ford taxicabs. After a delay we were shown to our room, or rather I should say, our suite of rooms. The sitting room was enormous and furnished with a miscellaneous assortment of Empire furniture. The bedroom had two iron beds, a cheap bureau, one chair with a cane seat and a strip of worn carpet near each bed. The bath room was dirty and there was no bathmat or towels.

While the Delegation of American Business Men was in the midst of a banquet, we determined on an immediate tour of the city, taking advantage of the dawn, which breaks shortly after midnight. In a fast car we flew through streets made lovely and mysterious in the pearly half light. Along the Neva we went, by the Hermitage Museum, past the

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Admiralty buildings, and across the river to see the strange new mosque that the Mohammedans are building; for, oddly enough, Mohammedanism is the only religion that the Bolsheviks seem to encourage. Then we came back and saw the domes of the Peter and Paul fortress, and the weird church built over the spot where Alexander II was assassinated, jutting its fat writhing towers toward the sky.

Later, when we went out to the former Czar's palace at Detskoe Selo (formerly Tsarskoe Selo) our chauffeur pointed to a church which had been closed. "*Bog Kaput!*" (God is busted), he informed us. Then he waved his hand and pointed again to the church, saying, "*Lenin Bog*" (Lenin God). He was quite amused about it all, but it was hard for me to visualize Lenin dressed in a white robe and halo.

We travelled to Moscow in the "hard seats", much to the disgust of the Soviet travel agency, which was very snobbish. We were curious to know what we would draw in the way of companions on our journey, for in the "hard seat" sleeping compartments the Soviets make no distinction between men and women. We discovered that for two rubles (about a dollar) you could hire a mattress, two sheets, a pillow and cover and a pink cotton coverlet. The linen came in a small bag sealed with a government seal so that it was entirely sanitary. The *provodnik* made up the beds for us and we found out later that on a long journey the bed is made up the first night but after that you have to do it yourself. We removed our shoes and went to bed with our clothes on. The men took off their shirts and shoes. Soon we were all sleeping as soundly as if we were in the Imperial suite of a Ritz hotel.

At Moscow we joined the Delegation and left, that night, for Nijni-Novgorod on a special train. From there we took a boat down the Volga for four days. The river was disappointing — large, monotonous, with slow moving, rust-colored water. Whenever the steamer stopped for a few hours we would take a small boat and have ourselves rowed to the nearest beach. We swam more for coolness than for the sake of cleanliness, for the Volga mud is particularly adhesive.

We had no stranger experience than the first sight of bathers in the Volga. The lack of bathing suits is not quite as general as it is said to be. Perhaps a quarter of the men wear trunks (once I even saw a short sleeved bathing suit and it looked very *ancien régime*) and in the country where there is real mixed bathing most of the women wear some sort of skimpy and inadequate garment. In the Moscow River, where the real dyed-in-the-wool Communists bathe, it is considered very bourgeois to wear any kind of bathing suit. The men and women undress in separate houses and go in the water on different sides of the beach. The imaginary barrier between them is only a few yards wide and there are no screens or fences, yet somehow it seems quite respectable. The people on the Volga are less sophisticated and have more fun. The whole family spend the day on the beach and after lunch the men

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and women move a short distance apart and take sun baths. Once we were sitting on the sand when a couple, hand in hand, burdened with a lunch basket, squatted down near us. They were pale young things and looked as if they worked in a dark office. The man undressed and rushed into the water and the girl wriggled out of her clothes a few moments later. Then for over half an hour he gave her swimming lessons in a solemn, professional way. After the lesson they floated around for a bit and finally scuttled out on the beach and into their clothes. When we left they were placidly eating their sandwiches.

AFTER reaching Stalingrad we met our super-luxurious train once more and set out for the Caucasus. We went to the watering places that used to be so gay and grand under the old régime: Kislovodsk, Mineralni Vodi and Essentuki. Now, instead of catering to the rich aristocrats, Kislovodsk is crowded with rich Nepmen (private traders) or, Government officials and their families, who come for the mineral baths. Some foreigners also visit the Caucasus to be cured of the various placid diseases that Europeans seem to enjoy. These resorts were the only places I saw that made any show of luxury. The biggest bathing establishment has been built since the Revolution, and there we bathed in effervescing Narzan water that tickled delightfully.

It was at the Narzan baths that we saw Lunacharsky, who was, at that time, the Commissar of Education. He very obligingly agreed to be interviewed and that afternoon twenty of us tramped up a steep hill to the house where he was staying. Lunacharsky is a short man with more than a touch of *embonpoint*. His skin is sallow and has the look of a man who either has led an indoor life or is far from well. His face is extremely intelligent yet gross. He is bald, has a small mustache and goatee, and wears a *pince nez*. Strangely out of character is a deep dimple in his chin. Since this interview he has been demoted. He was unpopular in Moscow because he lived with some pretence to elegance; and it is said the final straw came when he held the Moscow-Leningrad express twenty minutes for his wife. Madame Lunacharsky is an actress and one of the few women who wear evening dress in Moscow.

FROM Kislovodsk we went to Grozni, the second largest oil field in the U.S.S.R. There isn't much at Grozni if you are not interested in oil, but strangely enough it was here that I happened upon a scene of really extraordinary beauty. It was twilight and we wandered through the town, ankle deep in dust, until we came to the bank of a river, spanned by a high, arching bridge. Up stream the lights of the town were just beginning to prick the dusk, and down stream, silhouetted against the still glowing sky, was the minaret of a mosque. The bells were chiming with a deep throaty clangor. Far below us in the river the boys of the town were giving their horses an evening swim. There must have been fifty horses in the river and on the banks. The horses plunged about in the water, slashing out with their hooves and snorting joyously. Ca-

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vorting on the horses' backs, more like centaurs than humans, were naked Chechen boys. Their bodies, lithe and deeply bronzed, bent this way and that, slipping off to swim for a few minutes or else emerging from the water on the plunging horse, one hand twined in the mane, the other flailing the rump while their heels beat a tattoo on the horse's ribs. Occasionally a boy, nose clutched in hand, would jump off the bridge with a great yell. Spellbound, we watched. All too soon they came thundering across the bridge and past us, leaving behind a billow of soft, white dust.

At Vladikavkaz we took busses over the magnificent, broiling Georgian Military Highway to Tiflis. I have always wanted to visit Tiflis. You hear so much about its *luxe formidable*. The *luxe* was a bit disappointing, but there are nice subterranean restaurants where the fish, which are served to you later on, swim about in a tank; outdoor gardens where you can dine; an Armenian quarter with amusing little shops and a restaurant, high up on one of the mountains that enclose the city like a bowl, reached by a funicular railroad; and, I am told, perfectly marvellous sulphur baths.

The day we arrived there was a convention of the Pioneers, the Soviet organization for children from eight to fifteen years old. Several thousand of them paraded, and I have never seen such physically magnificent youngsters. That evening the Government gave a banquet of banquets for the Americans in a large garden restaurant. The temperature was over ninety, but in spite of it we did full justice to an overwhelming amount of food. We had *zakouska* (*hors d'œuvres*) for hours. There was *soli guni*, a marvellous baked cheese served hot; a plant that tasted like absinthe, eggplant and chestnuts chopped up together, a special fish that comes from a river near Tiflis, caviar, pickled things, raw things and cooked things. Then we worked through *borsch*, two meat courses and sweets and fruits without end. All this was accompanied by Georgian wines, white and red, and the cloyingly sweet Georgian champagne. After dinner we sat in a coma and watched each of the Caucasian and Georgian tribes dance and sing.

Our gregarious instinct having become surfeited, the next day we decided to leave the Delegation and go on a trip by ourselves. We had heard, by chance, of a wonderful mountain trail that could be crossed on horseback. It was not far away from Tiflis, and it had the enchanting name of the Ossetian War Road (*Chemin de Guerre d'Ossetia*). Touching Georgia there are the two small Autonomous Areas of North and South Ossetia, which have their own language and writing and a perpetual feud with the Georgians. We applied to the Government for tourist information, but they were very discouraging. They would not be responsible for us unless we made the trip with a party of at least twenty others, as there were bandits in the mountains.

But in spite of the Government we thought that we might as well try it by ourselves. Mr. Beach, the head of the Near East Relief in Tiflis, got a guide for us, a small Armenian named Haik, who had been their

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official interpreter. Mr. Beach also lent us some blankets and spent a whole day getting us equipped with something to ride in. After a morning given over to bargaining in Russian, Turkish and Armenian, they succeeded in having a Circassian costume of camel's hair made for me. The coat was white, fitted tight at the waist with rows of dummy cartridges on the breast. The trousers were black and supposed to have been made like riding breeches. The coat I had sent on to Moscow and the trousers, which arrived at the last moment, turned out to be baggy Turkish affairs. To everyone's horror I bought second hand for five rubles a tall Circassian hat of white lamb's skin. Their pessimistic predictions never came true; the hat was actually far cleaner than it looked. The price of the costume, during the hours of bargaining, came down from two hundred and forty rubles (about one hundred and twenty dollars at bank rates) to an American twenty dollar bill!

That night, guide, blankets and all, we took the train to Kutais *en route* for Tchovi and the mountain trail. The next morning at four o'clock we reached a junction and took a small wooden car train to Kutais. To our disgust we found that the only bus that went to Tchovi (where we were to hire the horses) was sold out for that day. There were no automobiles to rent, and unless we could get a Government Ford we were stranded until the next day. We went out to reconnoitre the town. Almost the first thing that we found was a queue of people waiting, ticket in hand, to buy material. I took a snapshot of them and Linda started to take a moving picture. I walked a short distance away and when I turned around I saw Linda and Haik surrounded by a crowd which included a few soldiers.

"I think that we have been arrested for taking pictures," she announced. And so we were. It was annoying but I was really pleased with the idea.

The police station was comfortable and clean. We were escorted into the Chief's office, which contained a desk with the usual picture of Lenin and one of Stalin, two chairs and a sofa covered with horsehair. We waited about two hours for the Chief to come to work. Meanwhile I examined the room. A bright, cheerful poster showed the proletariat, factory workers, soldiers, sailors and peasants marching grimly forward armed with guns, scythes and gas masks. Cowering abjectly in front of the advancing horde were the Czar under his overturned throne; Rasputin; gaudy, debauched looking diplomats; Generals and Admirals covered with gold lace, and the War Profiteer with a large diamond in his shirt bosom. The caption read somewhat as follows: "Comrades, the Revolution is still alive! Keep it living, for by it you were avenged of the wrongs done you under Czarist rule. Only by revolution can you retain your great advantages!"

About nine o'clock the Chief of Police, another of those young, brisk Soviet officials with open shirt and rolled-up sleeves, arrived; and with Haik to do the translating, he was finally persuaded that we did not wish to use the pictures for anti-

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Soviet propaganda. In dismissing us he even telephoned to an official who had just arrived from Tiflis to see if he couldn't give us a lift to Tchovi in his car. The official, who had been at the banquet in Tiflis, was furious that we had been detained and insisted that the Chief of Police should accompany us to the bank and on our shopping tour. So we sallied forth triumphantly — with the Chief in an official droshky of unusual elegance.

Search as we might through Kutais, the only vehicle that could take us the hundred and forty kilometres to Tchovi was a bus which we could hire for the preposterous sum of seventy-five dollars. We decided to be rash and take it. But first we made them back it out of its shed so that we could look it over. It was large and red with bulging sides. A nice enough bus as busses go.

MEANWHILE Haik, who had had the exceedingly practical idea of taking on a few passengers, was drumming up trade. I made the officials sign a contract saying where the bus was to take us and how much we had paid. When we returned to the garage we found that the bus had been loaded down with bundles, spare parts and odds and ends. I was furious, and made them unload everything. We had no intention of running a free delivery service. Then we discovered that the chauffeur had to have two assistants, so we stipulated that all three must sit in the front seat so that we could have plenty of room for ourselves. We reserved the seat directly behind the driver, as the bumps are least felt in the front part of the car.

Our first passenger arrived. He was a short little man with red rims about his eyes. He had heart disease and could only make the trip if he were able to sit in the front seat. After he had tried to get into our seat several times he was at last inserted in front with the three chauffeurs, a can of grease and an extra differential. Our next passengers turned out to be a young couple with a baby completely mummified in mosquito netting. They had a six-inch puppy, bags and baskets. It was growing late and we had a long way to go. So, lolling back with feigned indifference, with many a lurch, we got under way. It was a proud moment; the first and probably the last time that I would ever be a half proprietor in a bus line.

ONCE we stopped to have red wine and hot baked cheese at a small inn. We sat on a balcony overlooking a stream that tumbled in a waterfall on the backs of a herd of water buffalo while young boys splashed below. Just at nightfall the inevitable happened. The bus began to cough and snort. In spite of our three chauffeurs, nobody knew what was the matter. We were just able to crawl along. At Oni, the next town, we were told that the road had been washed out further on. It was two or three hours more to Tchovi, but road or no road I wanted to get there that night. I stood up in the bus and brandished my contract at our mechanical force, but they refused to budge an inch. While I was emulating the Statue of Liberty a man appeared out of the darkness and asked the entirely superfluous question of whether we spoke English. We couldn't deny it. He invited us to

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take a glass of tea with him. We went into the hotel and had tea with him and his two companions, a man and a woman, with whom he was taking a walking trip through the Caucasus. He had been born in Russia but had emigrated to America and had been graduated from Yale. He was most polite and it was much to our regret that, later on, we were finally convinced that he had stolen my camera.

IN THE most picturesque parts of Russia, the Caucasus and the Crimea, the students and workers flood the countryside during the summer months. They are given a fifty per cent reduction on the railroads, and a favorite trip is to take a train to some point in the Caucasus and then walk the rest of the way to the Black Sea. The Government turns the schoolhouses in the country districts into Tourist Bases. They usually have one large dormitory for the men and another for the women. In Tchovi, which we eventually reached, there were separate double rooms, but that, I imagine, was exceptionally grand.

We parted sorrowfully from our bus at Tchovi, where after many complications, we succeeded in hiring two horses for the next day while Haik and Gabriel, the owner of the horses, were to go along in a small peasant cart. Starting out at a brisk pace through the cool forest we gradually outdistanced Haik and Gabriel, who were bumping along in their tiny, low slung *lineyka*. We pushed on for four hours. It grew hotter and hotter. We took off our fur caps and put on our wide white felt hats with goat hair fringe. The glare became intolerable as the trees receded, so we added black glasses to our already fascinating *ensembles*. Cramps in the knees and a slight difficulty in swaying gracefully with the movements of the horses began to lessen our pleasure in the scenery. We dismounted and stretched ourselves on the grass to wait for the cart. When we had reached more than nine thousand feet in our ascent, we met at the summit a party of young students who were on a walking trip. They shouted and played tag while we lay flat on our backs gasping like goldfish.

Afterwards we hobbled the horses and took a nap on the ground. Then all afternoon we descended through a dry barren country. But long before sundown I found walking far more comfortable then riding and about six o'clock I began to wish that I were back in Moscow in the comfortable Grand Hotel. Fortunately everything has to have an end. Haik met us outside Zamarac with the small cart and we drove in state to the Tourist Base.

THE next morning we were astride our horses at five o'clock, but soon changed to the luxury of the small cart. Through the afternoon we rolled along the dusty road, splashing occasionally through deep rivers. The country was less wild and there were hundreds of small farms. The cottages were thatched and shielded from the road by high brush fences. The crops were green and plentiful and the people, all tremendously busy, were plump and healthy. At five in the afternoon we drew up to a very grand Tourist Base. As usual there was supposedly

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no way of leaving the place until the next morning. There were no automobiles for the simple reason that there were no roads. We could not possibly cover the fifty versts to Vladikavkaz in a carriage that night.

But luck was with us, for a dilapidated Ford suddenly appeared in the main street. The driver had brought up a Soviet official from Vladikavkaz and was taking a woman factory inspector back.

THE factory inspector was like a character in a play. She was short, dark and dressed in nondescript clothes. She had come up to inspect the silk factories that are the main industry of the Ossetians. At first she turned up her nose at us and thought that we were mere "sissies." Then little by little she began to unbend. She was married but didn't live with her husband, was an enthusiastic Communist, and was interested in American labor conditions. So to the best of our ability we told her about our factories. She evidently thought that we might be spies, for when we asked her a direct question about how much the women were paid or how many workers there were, she evaded the queries very neatly. She told us that there were five thousand Ossetians in New York City and inquired whether we knew any of them. When we regretfully replied in the negative she gave us a contemptuous glance and lapsed into sulky silence.

Arriving at Vladikavkaz drenched by the furious storm, we took Haik to dine with us in the hotel dining room. The place was crowded with fierce looking Circassians and a few Cossacks. Their boots were covered with mud and they kept their fur hats on. They had fascinating table manners. Between mouthfuls they would suck their mustaches loudly and spit heartily. Every time the man nearest me spat I jumped, which amused him immensely. They wore coats made of camel's hair or goat's hair, and as they were very damp, the odors were overwhelming. Haik was disapproving. "They wouldn't have been allowed in here before the Revolution," he said.

After dinner we made the distressing discovery that we had hardly any money left. No one in the hotel would cash our Express checks, and as the money changers had shut up shop for the night our precious American money was useless, too. We paid Haik with Express checks, but we found that after deducting the price of our "hard seat" tickets to Moscow, we didn't have enough money to pay his fare back to Tiflis, where he could cash them. We gave him the tea, sugar, cocoa, spoons and the kettle, and told him to sell them to make up the difference.

AS WE were preparing to depart for Moscow we found in the compartment of our train a young journalist, from whom Haik borrowed enough money to pay his fare back to Tiflis and to hire our mattresses. The next day, while on the train, we changed our American money and bought "soft seats." The following morning my pocketbook with my passport, all our money and some jewelry, had disappeared from the rack over the upper berth. At the next station we found that our journalist friend from the "hard

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seat" compartment had also had his money stolen.

We therefore went to the local G.P.U. (the special police force that has taken the place of the Cheka). The G.P.U. were not at all terrifying. They were merely three rather untidy looking men. One of the officers went with us on the train to find out the details. He was interested in my pocketbook until he saw Linda eating a piece of chocolate. She told him that she had paid a ruble for it. He became very excited. It seemed that the woman in the buffet had cheated her, for it ought to have cost only seventy-five kopecks. So he took the wrapper from the cake of chocolate and left at the next station vowing vengeance on the woman for her dishonesty and never so much as offering me a word of consolation about my loss.

This incident seemed an amusing commentary on police officials the world around.

Farewell to the Mullah in Azerbaijan

By Brent Dow Allinson

On minaret above the town
The Mullah paces up and down
And gazes with his sombre eyes
To where the flat-roof'd city lies
Beyond the mosque's encircling walls
With dusty rows of stand and stalls,
Without a fountain or a tree
Between the mountains and the sea;
The ancient palace of the Khan
Stately and cruel stands upon
A little hill, in ruins now
Above the houses row on row,
And Russian chapels dark with bells
Echoing emptily as shells
Rise from the city's turgid squares
Where uncouth people sell their wares.

In turban white and black silk gown
The Mullah paces up and down
And with a sombre searching gaze
New smoky factories surveys,
Motors and trams, rude things that live —
Does he condemn? Does he forgive?
From the mosque the Mullah's gaze
Wanders across the sunset haze
Over the oily desert where
The camels out of Asia fare
And high above the plain espies
A droning aeroplane that flies
Daily across the desert there
At the appointed hour of prayer.

The faithful kneel now, one by one:
"*Allah-ul-allah!* Thy will be done!"
Not far away, along the street,
Electric megaphones repeat
To credulous crowds not on their knees
New proletarian litanies
Chanted a thousand miles away
Where Moscow's censor'd organs play,
Where banners blaze and crowds appal
And Lenin sleeps by Kremlin wall,
Where science forges a new spear,
And love lies paralyzed by fear.
But now a nameless night begins,
The devil plays with Christ — and wins —
And at the desert's hour of prayer
The Crescent sinks through sultry air,
The Cross is broken on the hill,
Broken the old heart beating still.

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Speaking of Backward States

By Gerald P. Nye
United States Senator from North Dakota

One of the legislators from the West whom the new Senator Grundy advised to "talk darn small" on important matters like the tariff, replies in kind

We have heard a great deal of late concerning "backward States" and supposedly "backward" statesmen. In his testimony before the Senate Lobby Committee, Joseph R. Grundy, now the junior United States Senator from Pennsylvania, expounded the philosophy that our Union should consist of a sort of hierarchy of States in which some should enjoy greater power than others in the national councils. The corollary of this proposal was that representatives of the lesser Commonwealths should be seen and not heard, or heard less frequently, than their colleagues at Washington. The votes and the voice, if I understand Mr. Grundy correctly, should rest in the East *in perpetuo*. Indeed, he gave us specifications of his revised map of the United States by characterizing the Western States as "backward" and suggesting that their spokesmen in Congress should talk "darn small."

Deferring, for the moment, any discussion of the merits of this proposal, let me note that it does not possess even the appeal of novelty. It was advanced as long ago as 1787, when the Delegates to the Federal Convention at Philadelphia for the formation of the Union were framing the structure of our National Government. Moreover, it was proposed by a Pennsylvanian, and, I believe, it reflected then as well as now the parochial attitude which this State's national representatives have always assumed toward governmental affairs.

Mr. Grundy's suggestions before the Lobby Committee were simply a paraphrase of ideas enunciated by Gouverneur Morris before the founding Fathers. Objecting to the report favoring an apportionment of one member of the "first," or lower, House to every 40,000 inhabitants, Mr. Morris made a plea for a representative system based upon property qualifications. He asserted that "property was the main object of society," and his subsequent argument is recorded

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in the original documents in the following indirect manner:

> If property, then, was the main object of government, certainly it ought to be the one measure of the influence due to those who were to be affected by the government. He looked forward also to that range of new States which would soon be formed in the West. He thought the rule of representation ought to be so fixed as to secure to the Atlantic States a prevalence in the national councils. The new States will know less of the public interest than these, will have an interest in many respects different, in particular will be less scrupulous of involving the community in wars, the burdens and operations of which would fall chiefly on the maritime States. Provision ought therefore to be made to prevent the maritime States from being hereafter outvoted by them. He thought this might easily be done by irrevocably fixing the number of representatives which the Atlantic States should respectively have, and the number which each new State would have.

THERE, to my mind, spoke the historic voice of Pennsylvania, expressing a selfish and sectional policy of rule-or-ruin. Mr. Grundy, it appears, was only seeking to undo the damage which, in his estimate, the men who made this nation committed so many decades ago. Moreover, it requires but a casual perusal of our history to discover that this same narrow viewpoint has animated most of the representatives from Pennsylvania, whether they labored inside or outside Congressional halls to gain their ends. Had this philosophy prevailed in 1787, or did it prevail now, "the more perfect Union" would still be no more than a preamble.

Let us assume, however, that this thesis has some substance, and that "backward States" should occupy a subordinate place. We are then confronted with the task of defining what constitutes "backwardness." Shall the test be property, as Messrs. Morris and Grundy contended? There is, in my opinion, a finer test. A State which asks an exalted place in the Union must have demonstrated that it can, and will, use it in an exalted manner. In that light let us examine the pretension to power put forth by a man whose right to his views I respect even while I repudiate their content. The record, I may add, convinces me that these claims on behalf of Pennsylvania are premature, if not presumptuous.

I DO NOT contend that Mr. Grundy's State has not exerted a great influence in national affairs. Quite the contrary. The Pennsylvania dynasty, as it may be correctly called, has occupied high places at Washington since Henry Knox served as Washington's Secretary of War. Other Pennsylvania names which loom large in our annals from then almost to the present day are those of Nicholas Biddle, Thaddeus Stevens, Simon and J. Donald Cameron, President Buchanan, Matthew S. Quay, Boies Penrose, Philander C. Knox and the Vare brothers. With the possible exception of the two Knoxes, it is still a question whether any of these men will be ranked by history in the rôle of statesmen. In fact, it is my conviction that the future historian will declare them to have been lacking in vision and wisdom, and most certainly they will be found to have been deficient in a thorough and sympathetic understanding of what was best for the nation as a whole. Their first

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thought, and frequently their only one, the record reveals, was the interest of the financiers, the politicians, the industrialists of their own State.

Henry Knox's association with the marplots who conspired against Washington is too well known to require retelling. Biddle's attempt to establish a financial oligarchy through control of the United States Bank, together with his efforts to cajole or dominate powerful politicians through extension or curtailment of credit, forms an unpleasant chapter of our early history.

In the late '30's we reach the rise of the "Cameron dynasty" — a phase of Pennsylvania politics to which, for some unexplainable reason, the historians have given kind neglect. With the Camerons we see the flowering of the system of controlled elections, purchased offices, an apathy among the electorate that prevails today, corruption of electoral bodies, the insistence upon exorbitant and indecent tariffs, and the sending of spokesmen rather than statesmen to Washington. For thirty years Simon Cameron's influence in Pennsylvania is said to have been greater than any single individual's since the day of William Penn. The elder Cameron's reign was carried on by his son, J. Donald, and in view of their prominence from 1838 to 1878, an examination of their dubious contribution to the nation's welfare is, to put it charitably, interesting. The evil they did lives after them.

Simon Cameron began his public career as a Federal commissioner empowered to distribute $100,000 to the Winnebago Indians for lands which they had ceded to the Government. The Red Men, however, received a few thousand dollars in notes issued by Cameron's bank in Pennsylvania, and the balance found its way into the hands of unscrupulous attorneys and trustees. Though the War Department declined to sanction such a shameful transaction, this rebuke in no wise discouraged Cameron. With the newspapers openly charging bribery, he was elected to the Senate by the Legislature. Despite this record, he was advanced as the State's candidate for the Presidency in 1860. Although a national crisis was known to be approaching, Pennsylvania deemed him a fit man for the White House! In return for throwing his support to Lincoln at the convention, Cameron was made Secretary of War. In this office he again demonstrated his unfitness and untrustworthiness. Even in the critical years of the Civil War he parcelled out military contracts to Pennsylvania favorites. For these and other offenses Cameron was formally censured by a Republican House of Representatives, and forced to give up his Cabinet post. Nevertheless, the notorious "Harrisburg gang," then operating at the same old stand and in the same old way, elected him to the Senate in 1867 and again in 1872.

Simon Cameron's chief claim to permanent fame, I believe, rests in his characterization of a politician as "one who when he is bought will stay bought," although he won contemporaneous notoriety by his reference to curious newspaper correspondents as "them damn lite'ry fellers."

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J. Donald Cameron, whose advancement was due solely to his father's purchase and ownership of a corrupt political machine, became Secretary of War under President Grant. It was the younger Cameron who quartered the regular army on South Carolina and Louisiana in order that their electoral votes might be counted for Hayes over Tilden, and the former's election to the Presidency be insured. Even despite this claim on the new Administration, President Hayes, to his credit, spurned the suggestion that Donald be continued in the Cabinet.

NEXT in the historical line stands Thaddeus Stevens, whose personal integrity was quite offset by his sectional spirit and his vengeful attitude toward the tremendous problems of reconstruction days. Though I credit him with sincerity in his anti-Southern sentiment, there is plentiful evidence in his speeches that his prejudice may have arisen from the realization that slave labor was free, whereas Pennsylvania manufacturers had to pay their industrial slaves. There was, I am convinced, an economic as well as a philosophic side to his Abolition beliefs. So it is but natural to hear him assailing the kindly and generous terms extended to Robert E. Lee at Appomattox, and to see him dedicating himself to a vendetta against the vanquished.

North and South have long since been reconciled, yet I dare venture to say that we have not wholly recovered from the effects of this Pennsylvanian's malice. It was he who inspired the fight against the sane and statesmanlike reconstruction programme carried out by Andrew Johnson as Lincoln's legatee. The Pennsylvanian's theory was that the South should be treated as a foreign and conquered foe, its leaders punished as criminals and their property confiscated. Shamelessly he admitted that his purpose was to insure Republican control below the Mason and Dixon line.

WITH the notorious "Pig Iron" Kelley as his aide, Stevens took advantage of the chaos of the period to increase duties on his State's products to unprecedented proportions. Personally interested in pig iron, Stevens, as chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, looked after his own much as his successors do now. Long before present-day Pennsylvanians saw fit to characterize advocates of a more equitable tariff as "worse than Communists," Stevens was referring to them as "quacks." His associate, "Pig Iron" Kelley, was, unfortunately, deeply involved in the Credit Mobilier scandal, which was the Teapot Dome outrage of that day. Although other legislators sought to conceal or explain their acceptance of railroad bribes, "Pig Iron" remained true to Pennsylvania traditions. He declared, in short, that his corrupt purchase of railroad stock was "just like buying a flock of sheep." How history repeats! It seems that I have heard a similar characterization applied to the excessive and illegal campaign funds spent in the Vare-Pepper primary campaign of 1926. If I mistake not, it was Secretary Mellon who poohpoohed these expenditures, and added

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that "it was just like giving to a church."

Before passing from the historical comparison, let us compare the representatives of Pennsylvania and such a "backward State" as Iowa since the Civil War. Eliminating sitting Senators for obvious reasons, we find the roster to be as follows: Pennsylvania: Edgar Cowan, Charles Buckalew, Simon Cameron, John Scott, William Wallace, John I. Mitchell, Donald Cameron, Matthew S. Quay, Boies Penrose, Philander C. Knox, George T. Oliver, George W. Pepper and William E. Crow. Iowa: James W. Grimes, James Harlan, James B. Howell, Samuel J. Kirkwood, George Wright, William B. Allison, James McDill, James F. Wilson, John H. Gear, Albert B. Cummins, John P. Dolliver, Lafayette Young, William S. Kenyon and Charles A. Rawson.

In the estimate of *The New York World*, only one name in the Pennsylvania list rises to the level of a statesman — Knox. Four were bosses of a school which is, we hope, vanishing — the Camerons, Quay and Penrose. The rest are mediocrities, in *The World's* opinion.

In the Iowa roll call there are at least five who have displayed some of the qualities of the statesman. There was Grimes, who was borne into the Senate chamber on a stretcher that he might vote against the impeachment of Johnson. There was, also, among the five, James Harlan, who served not only as Senator but admirably as Cabinet member. There were the three Progressives — Dolliver, Cummins and Kenyon. As *The World* said editorially: "The 'backward' State has decidedly the best of it in its contributions to national leadership — and it has never had a Vare case."

So much for the kind of influence which Pennsylvania's historic figures have wielded at Washington. I think it will be accepted by impartial students that this record reveals no reason why that State should, as Mr. Grundy has suggested, be accorded greater power in national councils.

It may be, however, that these men misrepresented their State. It may be that Pennsylvania today ranks high among the educational advantages it furnishes to its citizens, and that we may anticipate better things when present generations come of voting and office-holding age. Perhaps there is less illiteracy among the foreign-born and native Americans than in our "backward States." It may be that distribution of wealth is more equitable than in our Western communities.

I am afraid, however, that Mr. Grundy was not thinking of vital statistics or the things that reflect real riches when he advanced his ideas before the Lobby Committee. For I find that most of the "backward States" do these things better. School attendance figures for 1920, which are the latest available, provide an illuminating basis of comparison. Here are the percentages of children from 5 to 17 years of age attending elementary or secondary schools, both public and private, in Pennsylvania and in some of the so-called barbarous Commonwealths:

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Pennsylvania, 71.5; North Dakota, 84.6; South Dakota, 82.9; Iowa, 86.1; Nebraska, 90.5; Idaho, 94.8; Kansas, 87.9; Montana, 92.2; Colorado, 95.00. It may be argued that Pennsylvania's large number of foreign-born account for the comparatively low percentage of school-goers. The illiteracy statistics, however, do not support such a contention. Counting only native whites, the illiteracy figures are as follows: Pennsylvania, 0.8; North Dakota, 0.4; South Dakota, 0.4; Iowa, 0.5; Nebraska, 0.4; Idaho, 0.3; Kansas, 0.6; Montana, 0.4. For the total population, native and foreign-born, the illiteracy percentages are: Pennsylvania, 4.6; North Dakota, 2.1; South Dakota, 1.7; Iowa, 1.8; Nebraska, 1.4; Idaho, 1.5; Kansas, 1.6; Montana, 2.3.

If a State's wealth be the measure of its greatness, I am sure that Mr. Grundy would be surprised at figures bearing on this factor. I believe he will agree with me that it is not total wealth which furnishes a true index of a Commonwealth's condition so much as *per capita* distribution. It is almost axiomatic that no State or nation of modern or ancient times has grown or remained powerful when there were sharp extremes of poverty and wealth, since that connotes social and economic feudalism. Yet these are the conditions we find in Pennsylvania — coal and steel barons at one extreme and serfdom for the toilers in the mines and mills at the other. In this connection, it is interesting to compare statistics on *per capita* distribution of wealth in Pennsylvania and in some of the "backward States." As of 1922, these show the following contrasts: Pennsylvania, $3,187; North Dakota, $3,692; South Dakota, $4,482; Nebraska, $4,004; Idaho, $3,301; Kansas, $3,493; Iowa, $4,274; Montana, $3,691. It is true that the West has suffered hardships of recent years, but even these were due to causes controlled by providence rather than always by plutocracy.

In view of the characterization of certain communities as "backward States" and their representatives as "worse than Communists," it is worth while to study conditions in the Pennsylvania coal fields, where starvation wages, inhuman conditions of labor, the State authorities' indifference, police brutality, an uneconomic system of production and a mediæval neglect of the fundamental rights of man, combine to make life unbelievably miserable for the men, women and children involved. These conditions persist in some degree at all times, but in more acute form during the period of recurring strikes. Only a people forced into fearful complacency through generations of debasing toil and political persecution would tolerate a situation in which the local and State governments, the mine operators and those present-day Cossacks, the coal and iron police, appear as accessories to wholesale assault, unlawful court proceedings and even murder.

Is there, for instance, another State in which a red-handed murderer would escape with a two-year sentence simply because he happened to be a coal and iron policeman — sworn in by the Governor but paid

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by the mine operators — and his innocent victim an humble and unknown miner? This happened in the John Barkoski case. Is there any official except the Governor of a most "backward State" who would veto a measure designed to terminate or ameliorate these outrageous conditions? Is there, I wonder, any realization in Pennsylvania that there is such a document as the Constitution of the United States?

THESE, I am sorry to say, are not mere rhetorical questions. In corroboration it is only necessary to read the report of the Senatorial committee which visited the coal fields in 1928 — a report which has been duplicated in numerous newspaper articles year after year and in other official documents. I might add that the committee which framed this damning indictment consisted of painstaking and conservative members of the Senate.

"Everywhere your committee visited," reads their report, "they found victims of the coal and iron police who had been beaten up and were still carrying scars on their faces and heads from the rough treatment they had received. Your committee found evidence of more or less bootlegging in the places it visited; and in one community especially it seemed as if the morals of that community had been broken down entirely."

Little wonder! For these coal and iron police, these corporate thugs entrusted with a great State's authority and paid by private corporations, committed many foul deeds too horrible to mention. Indeed, some of the atrocities of wartime seem merciful by comparison. Yet this is the State whose national spokesmen have the audacity to lecture their sovereign sisters! It would be matter for smiling were it not so tragic.

The committee also came across a Communist organization which, under the guise of doing relief work, was preaching "disloyalty" and "destruction of the Government." But did the committee discover any effort to combat this Communistic group? Hardly! Here is what the committee said:

> In no place did your committee find where the coal and iron police or the deputy sheriffs, though they existed in great numbers, had made any effort to curb this disloyal organization. The only efforts your committee found that had been made to rid the Pittsburgh district of these agents of the most dangerous organization this country has ever known came from the striking miners themselves.
>
> Your committee, indeed, was impressed with the courage and determination of the miners to stand up for what they believed was their due — an American wage making possible an American standard of living. . . . Your committee found no evidence of starvation in the Pittsburgh district, yet evidence on every hand was that the food was none too plentiful and was of necessity the cheapest that could be purchased. Your committee believes the conditions existing in the Pittsburgh district and other coal fields in the United States are of a most serious nature and dangerous to the best interest of our citizenship.

ONLY one comment needs to be added: never, not even in the worst days the farmers of the "backward States" have been called upon to face, has an official committee of the United States Senate found a Western Commonwealth — its State officials and national spokesmen, its leading citizens, its Cabinet mem-

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bers, its financial and industrial interests and its citizenry — sitting by idly and smugly while such seeds of "worse than Communism" were being sown. Never has a State judge in these so-called "backward" communities issued an injunction to prevent church worship or religious assemblage in a vacant lot. Never has a "backward State" condoned, even encouraged, the official outrages which have been perpetrated on old and young, men and women, boys and girls, guilty and innocent, by the coal and iron police of Mr. Grundy's State of Pennsylvania. I dare say that of late years no country except Russia in its reddest and bloodiest days can duplicate such an un-American record and régime.

POLITICALLY as well as economically, Pennsylvania has much in common with the Soviet dictatorship. The few are in control, the many in thrall. I make no new charge when I say that the great financial, industrial, railroad and commercial interests own the political organizations in Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, and these machines dominate the lives of the people, control or corrupt elections and, in short, make a mockery of the representative system of government. There are, for instance, wards in Philadelphia which, year after year, make the same election returns and put an adding machine to shame. Voters may die or depart, according to testimony before a Senate committee by a Philadelphia election official, but their names remain on the rolls to the gain and glory of the Vare machine.

When Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska toured the State on behalf of William B. Wilson, the Democratic candidate for the Senate, he met many Pennsylvanians who protested against these conditions — bankers, business men, professional men, editors, teachers and employers in the smaller communities. But when he urged them to take part in the campaign, even if it were only to preside at his meetings, their enthusiasm vanished. It was not that they were not sincere. They were. But they dared not let their true feelings become known lest it provoke reprisal against them by "the organization" and its local lieutenants. Thus it is clear to me that the average Pennsylvanian, despite his constitutional right to the ballot, has as much voice in the naming of his officials and framing of policies as did a vassal of the Dark Ages.

I am convinced that, if the people of Pennsylvania were to be given a clear cut choice between worth while candidates for public office and the sort offered by the political bosses, they would seize the opportunity to dethrone those now in power. Then, and only then, will Pennsylvania emerge from a state of backwardness which, in my estimate, is equalled by no other Commonwealth.

THEN, and not until then, will its spokesmen at Washington be justified in seeking greater influence in national councils. Then, and only then, will Mr. Grundy and his associates — or their successors — be entitled to speak of "backward States" in lofty tones or to advise us to "talk darn small."

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"Just Nerves"

By W. Langdon Brown

Physician to the Royal Hospital of St. Bartholomew, London, England

Explaining the origin, in an unreasoning fear like the shell shocked veteran's, of many neurotic troubles to which human beings are increasingly subject under the stress of modern life

"Just nerves" — how often one hears that phrase, especially from the lips of those who do not suffer from them; as if it meant that there was nothing the matter, or at least nothing more than could be put right by the effort of the will. No wonder the sufferer dreads the phrase, and so frequently says, "I shall feel so ashamed, so humiliated, if it is just nerves." That such people in order to escape the intolerable distress of a mental pain subconsciously substitute the symptoms of a physical illness, is not very surprising.

"Just nerves" is not an imaginary illness; it is an illness in that part of our nervous system in which our imagination has its home. Jane Harrison said: "Man is essentially an image-maker, but it is his human prerogative. In most animals who act from what we call instinct, action follows on perception mechanically, with almost chemical swiftness and certainty. In man the nervous system is more complicated, perception is not instantly transformed into reaction, there seems to be *an interval for choice*. It is in just this momentary pause between perception and reaction that our images, *i.e.*, our imaginations, our ideas, in fact our whole mental life is built up."

I well remember my first sight in the dissecting room of that complex network of nerve trunks which supplies the arm. Till then, like so many others, I had thought that "just nerves" meant nothing real, but when I saw this I knew that if the heart and lungs could go wrong there was no reason why this network should not go wrong also. I admit that this is not an accurate illustration, for "just nerves" does not imply a disturbance of these nerve trunks. In so far as this condition has a structural basis at all it can only mean a disturbance of conduction through the delicate fibrils that radiate out from the nerve cells. Here I must point out that the wealth of such "association fibres,"

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as they are called, is exactly the thing which distinguishes our nervous system from that of lower animals. There is therefore no reason for being humiliated by a disorder of this essentially human attribute. Such a complicated process can easily go wrong, and the disorder will express itself mainly as fear and pain. Let us inquire into the origin first of the pain and then of the fears which obsess the unfortunate sufferer from "just nerves."

Normally the higher levels of the brain damp down the painful impressions received there by not paying attention to them. An extreme example of this is seen in the lack of pain following the infliction of a wound during the excitement of battle, when the attention of the brain is directed elsewhere. On the other hand, fatigue and insomnia by diminishing this higher control may greatly increase sensitiveness to pain. It is one of the most blessed things about the human mind that normally it forgets past pain so quickly. But in the neurotic, for reasons which I shall give, an entirely undue amount of attention is given to sensory impressions, so that ordinary sensations amount to pain.

IF THERE is one thing which people prefer to keep secret, sometimes even from themselves, it is their emotional, instinctive selves. When hurt there, however, they would like to be able to make a bid for sympathy. It is much simpler to appeal for that sympathy, whether from others or from themselves, on the ground of some physical rather than some mental pain.

Then comes the magician, offering new lamps for old; instead of the cold clear light of reason he offers the will-o'-the-wisp of phantasy — new pains for old, and pains that can be talked about, pains which may afford some measure of escape from a distressing environment. To recognize such substituted pains for what they are calls for care, skill, and sympathy.

TO TAKE a simple example in the first instance. A woman who has brought up several children, has had all her energies absorbed for a number of years. In course of time the family grows up and she finds herself without any invested capital of mental interests. Then she has an illness; the family comes rushing back to the bedside; once again the household revolves about her. The lesson is learned and advantage is taken of it; she proceeds, in the illuminating phrase, to "enjoy bad health."

In one case of mine I taxed the patient with deliberately inflicting physical pain on herself in order to distract her attention from her mental pain. She admitted it, and with encouragement became very much better and free from pain, but unfortunately, later on, became obsessed with the idea of self-starvation. She became easier in mind but much weaker in body; asceticism provided her with a way of escape from mental woes. She adopted a diet of minced beef and hot water, and took the most meticulous care in cleansing the meat from every trace of fat or connective tissue. Her small meal required about two hours to prepare and even longer to eat! I strongly suspect these self-starvers and purifiers to be haunted by a

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sense of sin, though in this case she may have been prompted by a desire for vicarious sacrifice. Unhappily, she succeeded in starving herself to death.

These "substitute" pains are often a method of protection, as in the case of a girl patient of mine, in the early twenties, who took to her bed for a couple of years on account of abdominal pains for which no one could find a cause, and which she obstinately refused to have investigated by modern methods. Then her father died, leaving her sufficient money to make her independent. She rose from her bed, quarrelled with her mother, set up a house of her own and was quite well!

INDECISION may be an important factor in producing substitute pains, as in the case of a girl of twenty-one who was engaged to be married. As she was an only child a conflict arose in her mind between the disinclination to leave the security of home life and a natural impulse to assume more adult responsibilities. This concentrated her mind very much on her own health, because unsatisfactory health enabled her to hold the balance between these two factors in the conflict. I told her I believed that as long as she remained in this state of indecision her health would suffer, and I urged her to go on with her arrangements to get married. As soon as she had made up her mind to do this she became quite well.

The case of Mrs. Browning is historic. As Elizabeth Barrett her father imposed an almost Oriental seclusion upon her, for he was determined she should not marry — an attitude toward daughters which is more common than is usually supposed. She became an invalid and took to her bed until Robert Browning ran away with her, after which she regained her health.

THESE are comparatively simple examples of neuroses, which arise from a desire to divert attention from the real emotional origin of a trouble by substituting a physical pain. But we must go further and inquire how the neurotic state arises which requires such a disguise. I would state my views as to the origin of the neuroses in a series of dogmatic propositions.

(1) To be happy in this world it is necessary to have a definite objective and an emotional interest.

(2) If these are lacking, or come into severe conflict with other ideas, there is an increased demand for internal inhibition or control which will absorb a large amount of energy.

(3) The higher levels of the nervous system are the most recent in the evolution of the race and in the development of the individual. In the disintegrative process of disease it is well recognized that the levels that are the latest to appear are the earliest to suffer.

(4) Therefore when the demand for internal inhibition becomes excessive through failure of something necessary to happiness, the sufferer tends to revert to a habit of mind that belongs to an earlier stage in the evolution of the race or the development of the individual. There is an attempt to adjust at a more primitive level. In other words, the neurotic always reverts to primitive or infantile methods of thought.

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Among these we find unreasoning terrors, undue suggestibility, a belief in magic and in the omnipotence of thought, undue dependence on the parent of the opposite sex, hostility towards the parent of the same sex, and in general a retreat from the responsibilities of adult life.

UNREASONING terrors form such a large part of the sufferings of the neurotic that it will be well to consider the mechanism by which we all experience fear. When organisms were still of a lowly structure, their internal life was simple and could still be carried on by chemical mechanisms. But they required an "awareness" of their environment, a capacity to avoid danger and to seek food. Thus it happened that sensitive perceptive structures were first developed on the surface of their bodies. The nervous system, therefore, started in the skin, but the nerve cells soon withdrew themselves into a more protected position. Without going into all the details of the building up of the nervous system, we find that the portion known as the sympathetic nervous system, which superintends many of the functions of organic life, retains some of the primitive features of the nervous system of lower animals. Its response is urgent, immediate, widespread and explosive. It is brought into action by pain, rage, fear and any intense excitement.

Dr. W. B. Cannon pointed out that the effects of sympathetic stimulation were all originally designed to activate the body for a struggle and to increase its power of defense. Reserves are freely spent now to produce energy just as they were formerly spent to aid the primitive animal in its struggle with its antagonists. It has been well said that the sympathetic nervous system responds in the same way to fight, fright or flight. Dr. G. W. Crile has illustrated this by a modern instance and a modern simile:

> And now, though sitting at his desk in command of the complicated machinery of civilization, man's fear is manifested in terms of his ancestral physical battle in the struggle for existence. He can not fear intellectually, he can not fear dispassionately; he fears with all his organs, and the same organs are stimulated and inhibited as if it were a physical battle with teeth and claws. . . . Nature has the one means of response to fear, and, whatever its cause, the response is always the same, always physical. . . . Under modern conditions of life neither fight nor flight is *de rigeur*. The individual under the stimulation of fear may be likened to an automobile with the clutch thrown out, but whose engine is racing at full speed. The gasoline is being consumed, the machinery is being worn out, but the machine as a whole does not move, though the power of its engine may cause it to tremble.

PROF. WILLIAM MCDOUGALL gives us another reason for this similarity of response of the sympathetic nervous system to different emotions when he points out how all the instinctive impulses, when met with opposition, give rise to or are complicated by the combative instinct which is directed against the source of opposition. The dog threatened with the loss of the bone he is eating, the conflict of the males for the possession of a mate, the maternal instinct converted into anger of combat against an attempt to injure her young, are examples which will occur to the mind at once. There is, indeed, as Cannon says, obvious reason why the visceral changes in fear and rage

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should not be different but why they should be so alike: for these emotions are both accompanied by organic preparations for action.

WE ARE now in a position to understand two things. The first is why the neurotic should refer so many of his symptoms to disorders in various organs, for we see that the emotional disturbance leads to preparation in them for intense activity, and the disturbances will persist because that activity has not taken place, and, as it were, cleared them off. The second is why he should suffer from such terrors and phobias. Fear is really a perversion of a defensive mechanism of great antiquity and is specially intense when there is interference with any form of reaction to danger. We must not regard the response of an animal to danger as having the full emotional strength of what we mean by fear. To do so would be to fall into the common error of interpreting the activities of the simpler animals as though they were miniature human beings. The much scantier associative mechanisms in the nervous system of lower animals preclude such an idea. Doubtless, when the appropriate motor response is prevented, the lower animal feels both pain and fear, but that all its sensations and emotions are thus colored is most improbable, when we consider the much simpler structure of its nervous system.

It might be argued, on the other hand, that sensations of fear arise at once when the higher-controlling mechanism is in abeyance, as in night terrors or in states of exhaustion. This might suggest that fear must be a primitive emotion of great strength and universally present in lower forms of life. But I would urge that such fears belong to the phase when the nervous system has reached a sufficiently high stage of development to feel them, but not a sufficiently high one to control them. Fear is not a necessary accompaniment of consciousness, it is a product of self-consciousness.

THE behavior of savages supports this view. Fear, whether of evil spirits, of magic, of the dark, dominated primitive man; and, whenever our resistance is lowered by disease, by shock or by psychic conflict, we betray our ancestry. That strange, primitive being which lurks in the unconscious mind of us all, peeps out. Elaboration of ceremonial and ritual is the first step taken by primitive man to counteract this; all religions pass through the "God-fearing" stage. Then with the higher development of the mind, and the recognition of the reality principle, comes release from such obsessions of fear.

But under certain conditions this higher control fails and phobias develop. The alertness in the presence of danger that is normal and necessary to an animal is apt to be translated into unreasoning fear in man. As Havelock Ellis said: "When other animals cease to torture man, he must torture himself."

But we must go a stage further and inquire why the cause of the phobia is so generally unrecognized by the sufferer. It has been well said that life is a compromise between our instincts and our conventions. For the neurotic, life is a conflict between them. The energy generated by the

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instincts soon finds itself opposed by conditions of the environment — the irresistible force and the immovable obstacle again. Either this energy has to be sublimated, *i.e.*, diverted into other and higher channels compatible with social conditions, or it has to be repressed. If repression fails, the energy rises by devious routes into consciousness and produces painful conflicts. The memories and the pain arising from them become associated like conditioned reflexes.

MAY I recall what is meant by "conditioned reflexes"? An animal has a secretion of saliva when it is given or shown food. If a bell is sounded every time the food is given, it soon happens that the sound of the bell will cause secretion, even when there is no food. Many similar examples could be quoted. The behavior of shell-shocked soldiers has been compared to these conditioned reflexes. Thus in some cases the noise of a tin can recalled the warning signal of a gas attack, and the screech of the overhead wire of a tram recalled the sound of a shell coming over. They responded to these sounds as they did in the war, though they had forgotten why they did so.

Similar associations can also be traced in the neuroses of civilian life. On conditioned reflexes quite complicated associations may be built up, and in all probability they form the foundation of much of our psychic life. When a memory is called into consciousness the emotion associated with the original incident may be revived. But the curious part of it is that the emotion may be evoked more rapidly than the memory. When the memory is a painful one the emotion may play the part of a defense reaction by producing a disturbance which distracts attention from the cause. The danger signal is raised and the response to it occurs without the memory becoming a conscious one. Now, the patient's lack of knowledge of the mechanism concerned allows a state of anxiety to arise. The relationship of cause and effect is not comprehended. Mystery produces fear. The emotional response may be aroused more quickly than the memory, even when it is a pleasant one.

ONE day I was walking through Pump Court in the Temple in London, when suddenly I felt extraordinarily happy. I recognized that the feeling of happiness was associated with the noise of a can being filled at a stand pipe. Then I knew that it recalled the noise my college servant made filling the water can for the bath that awakened me when an undergraduate at Cambridge; when to awaken was to anticipate another delightful day. Here there was no need for the memory to be repressed, and it was not; but there was a perceptible interval of time between the emotion and the memory. When the memory is repressed because it is painful, the apparent causelessness of the emotion in itself excites alarm, and what ultimate expression that alarm finds will depend on many factors in the individual and the environment.

With continued repression the impulses, arising from the unconscious, attempt to reach the surface by more and more devious routes. As their association with the painful memory

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becomes dimly recognized the area of repressed ideas spreads until only in a distorted form widely removed from the original cause do they attain a conscious level.

IT HAS been well said that every animal has to climb up its own genealogical tree — the individual has to recapitulate in brief the history of his species. When one begins to realize the difficulties which surround the process of growing up it may seem surprising that it is ever successfully accomplished. Physically it is not so difficult. We have the unconscious memories of a million years to help us. But psychically we are so recent a development that we are all more or less puzzled by our environment. To see things as they are is the task of growing up. The neurotic, like Peter Pan, will not grow up, in the sense that he will not see things as they are. But to a certain extent we all tend to grow up in patches. Not many of us can truly say with St. Paul, "When I became a man I put away childish things."

The old psychology started from the premise that man is a rational being, while the new merely regards him as in the process of becoming one. Consequently the old psychology conspicuously failed to help medicine, whereas the new is already fruitful in results.

For to say that man is a rational being is just about as correct as saying that you and I are living in a free country. Both statements express a wish rather than a fact.

But if man is not rational, he rationalizes. That is to say, he does sufficient homage to reason to try to give a reasonable explanation of his instinctive prejudices. The *wish* may be father to his thought, but he likes to have *reason* as the godfather. In this way he habitually uses language to conceal his thoughts, or, at any rate, the thoughts that emanate, often unrecognized, from his unconscious self.

IS THE human race, as it becomes more sensitized, doomed to suffer more and more from these substitute pains and phobias? It might be thought that there is little or no chance for improvement since the emotional factor in man is not only the most primitive but the most unchanging. But such a pessimistic conclusion is far from justified. For the first time in the history of man we have two powerful forces making for improvement: (1) an increasing number of investigators remorselessly applying biological methods to the understanding of man's mental processes; and (2) an increasing number in the younger generation who are not content to adopt accepted standards without demur, but who are keenly intent on discovering the truth about themselves and their reactions to their environment. In the general conflagration of the war more rubbish was burned up than has yet been conceived in some quarters. The questioning of conventional ideas goes on unceasingly; many of them have been weighed and found wanting. That there is harshness in the attitude of the younger generation is a fact which is frequently lamented by their seniors, but in so far as this is the almost inevitable outcome of a sincere determination to discover the truth, it is merely the rough side of a real advance.

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True, the motto of the ancient Greek philosopher was "Know thyself," but as can be seen from the fact that this text was frequently inscribed beneath a grinning skeleton, it often became degraded to a mere *memento mori;* the attitude of asking why a man should boast himself if he is so soon to die. The newer application of the saying is to learn to know oneself so as to make the most of life — to know how to live rather than how to die. The old psychology took the highest types of mental activity that could be discovered, explored these by introspection as far as possible, and built up a system on this basis. Now by the pursuit of a more objective method than introspection we are sensing that a little reason mounts guard perilously and indecisively over a whole mass of emotions and instincts inherited from a far distant past, much as the cerebral cortex of the brain exercises a fluctuating degree of control over the mass of gray matter beneath it. It is only by frank recognition of such facts that the reasonable self can increase its control over the unreasoning self.

For the first time, then, human relationships are being studied objectively. It is not man's position in the universe or in the animal kingdom that is being questioned, it is the nature of man himself. For a time this will be painful to a good many; the giving up of preconceived ideas is often painful, but the result of frank acceptance will be release from many obsessions of fear; the bogey boldly faced is seen for the turnip lantern and white sheet that it is. There will be less sheltering behind disabilities created by imaginary pains when we realize that the source of the pain is within ourselves, and that it originates in a conflict between the instinctive and the reasoning self. As long as people lie to their reasoning selves, they are bound to suffer.

It is clear that in some of the cases that I have related there was a genuine cause for painful feeling; merely explaining how the emotional cause is producing bad health does not do away with the disagreeable emotion. But it brings it more under the control of the reasoning self, it does away with the terror of the unknown, and the sufferer is able to face the situation with a calmer courage.

The difference between a machine and a living organism such as man lies in this: the more perfect a machine, the less adaptable it is; a small defect in the mechanism may reduce it to impotence. The human organism, on the other hand, can overcome obstacles that one would think must break it and, after all, through those very difficulties achieve something fine.

The doctor of the future will have to come doubly armed — with material aid for material troubles, and with psychotherapy for distresses of the spirit.

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The Kinkaider Comes and Goes

By Mari Sandoz

Memories of an adventurous childhood in the sandhills of Nebraska

On a gatepost twenty-five miles over the wind-swept hills from the nearest railroad hangs a tipsy sign. Many winter snows, many summer suns, have weathered it, mellowed it to a velvety gray. Precariously creaking on one nail, the first storm will cast it down, unlamented, into the jointed sandgrass.

While the boiling engine of the mail truck cooled from the long pull through the sandy gap, I shook the wrinkles from my skirt and idly inspected the blurred legend: "Pleasant Home." No pleasantness here to sun-blinded eyes. Only a little valley carpeted with russet bunchgrass tucked in between towering hills whose highest dunes are bald among clusters of green-black yuccas. Decidedly no home.

But in a clump of ragged sunflowers stood an old cookstove, the corroded oven door sagging to reveal hay and straw of a mouse nest where spicy cookies once baked. And suddenly it all came back; the little white bee-hive of a house with a green blind at the one window — the home of a spinster music teacher from Chicago and one of the first of a dozen of these "music boxes" as the cowboys dubbed them. A rare pleasantness, too, crept over me: the soft haze of a heat-dance on the far gap; brown shading to cream yellow on the hill slopes; the whitish horizon, streaked with wind, blending to deepest blue overhead. Memories relegated to mental attics by years at college and at work revived in my consciousness. This patch of sandhills stretching from the Niobrara River to the Platte was the Jotunheim of my childhood, spent upon its fringes. Out of this almost mythical land, apparently so monotonous, so passionless, came wondrous and fearful tales of gray wolves that leaped upon fat yearlings (probably because of the scarcity of children) — and of rattlesnakes — and of cattlemen.

That the grays existed, my brothers and I knew. Once, when reports of unusual ravages reached our father, Jules Sandoz, pioneer locater and trapper, he set out on a hunting trip with Jim, a convict on parole to him. The diminutive buckskin team, through their fondness for spectacular runaways, pulled an odd wagon out of our yard that mid-

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winter morning. Piled high with equipment covered by a huge calico feather tick roped down, it looked much like a fat blue sausage on wheels.

Two weeks later the unwashed men came back, half-frozen, but jubilant. They had poisoned one of the largest grays ever taken in Nebraska; a difficult feat, for the gray wolf eats only his own kill. Fortunately, they found a half-eaten rabbit on the animal's trail. A large dose of strychnine did the rest. The pelt brought $110, mostly cattlemen bounty, altogether a magnificent sum. But much to Mother's consternation, the money went for more guns, traps, and ammunition.

Such evidence of vulnerability reduced our respect for wolf stories related before the wood-filled heater on winter nights. The cattlemen, however, remained fabulous beings, something like the capitalists pictured in the *Appeal to Reason*, our household paper in those days, only their bellicosity was the result of gorging on public lands, a sacred something that existed, apparently, only in the sandhills. Specifically, we knew a boy, not much older than our own pre-school years, whose father was said to have been shot from his own windmill by a hired killer. And the rifle the boy's mother drew upon the murderer had proved empty! That catastrophe, Jules Junior and I consoled ourselves, could not happen in our home. The Sandoz arsenal was always loaded to the muzzle, or, rather, muzzles; and Father had been a crack shot since the early 'Eighties, when he roamed the hills with the Indians.

The thin crust of security we thus built over our existence was rudely and finally broken by a horseman who rode wildly into our yard, his rifle balanced across his saddle. He had fenced a little Government land near a large ranch, and that morning he found an old whiskey bottle on his doorstep. In it was a rifle shell wrapped in an unsigned note telling him to get out or be carried out.

The smell of hot lead stung our nostrils that night as Father molded bullets and we children dipped the shiny slugs in melted beeswax and set them in rows like marching soldiers to cool. It was good fun, and not until one of the few indulgences Jules Sandoz permitted his family, and one valued accordingly, was forgotten did we sense the gravity of the occasion. That night there was no burning of a pinch of smokeless powder in Father's palm, accompanied by his usual explanation that the force of this explosive depended upon confinement. Instead we were marched off to bed early.

Through my crack in the wall I watched Father limp about on his stiff ankle, a reminder of his first dug well and the subsequent long months in the hospital at Fort Robinson. Now he took down one gun after another, ejecting the factory-loaded shells, with steel-jacketed or soft-nosed bullets. Reloaded ammunition was used for target practice only.

Calculatingly, he rolled the heavy shells in his palm, his sharp eyes confident upon those of the nervous little man beside him. The two guns over his bed, a 30-30 and a 12-gauge pump-gun "for close range," the 45-70 over the lounge in the kitchen-

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living room, the 30-30 outside the door on the bleached deer antlers — all were examined; even the little group behind the door. Mother sat close to the lamp, bending over her glinting needle, mending socks. Once or twice she looked up, her mouth a thin line, but she dropped her head without speaking.

The next morning there was a great deal of target shooting. Father sent spurts of sand from the exact centre of a yellowish spot, little larger than a table-cloth, on a hillside across the Niobrara. Encouraged to loquacity, the frightened man of yesterday talked endlessly about "boring him full of daylight," meaning, we knew, the rancher suspected of sending the note. And finally the two men vanished into the hills together. A week later Father came back. The man stayed, unmolested.

UPON that prelude, the tempo of our life accelerated. Mysterious men, Government agents, Mother called them, came out in shiny top buggies. They carried rolls of semi-transparent, bluish maps, and after supper, with Father, they pored over them for hours, talking a meaningless jargon of figures, corners, correction lines, old soldiers' claims, and fictitious filings. Over the shoulder of a less formidable one we caught glimpses of these plats, ruled into squares through which ran funny black marks, indicating, the man told me, ridges of hills. Obliterated and faked corners, buried plow shares and sickle bars to detract the compass needle, and final delvings into Father's deer hunting days in the 'Eighties, when the corners were new, lengthened the evenings.

Early in the morning the men usually started into the hills, the Government man driving, while Father watched the roadside for a grouse or a rabbit, his pump gun between his knees, the barrel against his shoulder, brushing his unkempt beard. Now and then he pushed the old cap, either of muskrat or of equally shapeless cloth, back from his eyes as he scanned the horizon. The 30-30 rifle was always across the buggy bed at his feet.

RAPIDLY one exciting event followed another: Government indictment of the larger cattle outfits for fictitious filings and fraudulent fencing of public lands; troops that cut the barbed wire fences when the cattlemen refused to tear them down; Father gone to Omaha as a Government witness; his picture in the daily papers, his rifle still across his forearm.

Strange men came and went, men we were forbidden to mention to our rare playmates. Always curious, I discovered that one of these wore a revolver in his arm pit and had a shiny button, like a star, that he kept hidden. "Nosey brat!" he called me when I asked him why he didn't carry his gun like the cowboys that stopped to water the dusty, gaunt herds of cattle they were stringing into the hills. Once or twice furtive ranch owners called, ostensibly to look over the few Indian ponies we had for sale.

"We'll see you're taken care of, Jule," I overheard one of them promise, flipping the end of a packet of bills.

But Father was stubborn in his contention that he wanted to build

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up the country. The result was that several of the indictments led to convictions. A couple of cattle kings went to prison. The fraudulent filings that covered every desirable section were canceled and the sandhills were now actually opened for settlement. Through the sudden effectiveness of the abused Kinkaid Act, some mysterious person in Washington, surely a god! was doling out the land within these soapweed marred slopes in 640 acre chunks to any apparently *bona fide* homeseeker.

And now came our first covered wagon. True, there had been others, dimly remembered, but this was tangible reality as it swayed drunkenly down the hill, rumbled over the plank bridge, and climbed the rise, drawn by two slow horses, followed by two colts and a lazy yellow cow with her calf tied to her tail. Amid loud shoutings from the black-bearded driver and nickerings from the horses, the wagon stopped on the little level spot across the road from our house. Many children tumbled out, leaping and playing in their release. What fine playfellows they were, and how interesting the wagon was, stacked up and dark, much like our attic.

That wagon was the vanguard of a long line of homeseekers that passed through our little world. Strange people, these, from far-away places, the men always seeking Paradise over the next hill, the women gaunt and silent or scolding in high, nervous voices. Impatiently they waited for Father or started out alone.

To take such people into the hills, run a line from a known corner to a desirable location, and then take them to the land office at Alliance to file or contest, was the business of Jules Sandoz. For this service, requiring a week or ten days, he received $25. Usually the settler had only a portion of that sum or none of it, so he got his home "on tick" or "on pump," meaning, in sandhill parlance, he charged it. Most of the settlers paid, eventually, often in rye or corn they grew from seed that also came "on tick" from the locater.

And every so often a well-meaning meddler would warn Mother that sooner or later, when the Government vigilance was lowered, the cattlemen would strike. Many homeseekers, too, were discouraged by tales of starvation spread by ranchers or were frightened by the stories of this or that settler who was hauled out of the hills by his widow after a sad "accident." But nothing really alarming had happened — probably nothing would.

Then, July 2, 1908, a young school teacher, new in the community, tore madly into our yard. His face was paper white and his day old beard was like a black smudge along his chin. Mother ran to meet him, her hands under her apron, her face anxious.

"Emile's been shot!" he shouted.

Mother's hands dropped heavily to her sides.

"How?"

"While he was branding his calves in the corral, before the whole family. R—— N——, the damned skunk, rode up, shot him in the back, and then rode away!"

Weakly, Mother dropped to the woodblock in the front yard. So it

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had come! Father's brother, who never located a settler, who was, in fact, rather friendly to the small cattlemen about him. He lived only five miles away, on Pine Creek, with his wife and seven children.

And Father was locating in the hills, had been gone for three days!

All evening our barbed-wire telephone line was busy. The sheriff had been down; had the murderer. He didn't have him; he hadn't even gone out. The man had shot himself; no, he had shot someone else. By the next noon the situation was clarified. The sheriff had not sought the murderer until the next morning. Community feeling ran high; the young teacher talked of mobbing, of searching the upper ranch, located in a wet hay flat full of willows. Without able leadership the plan collapsed. They waited for Father, who had once been the leader of a vigilante-like group. But he was in the hills, in that land of endless dun-colored hills where chops and blowouts follow each other like waves of a wind-whipped sea. Across the road camped two groups of home-seekers, apparently not understanding the situation.

A DAY passed. Uncle Emile was still alive with a bullet in his lungs. Two days — three. Uncle Emile was dead. The settlers' wagons creaked away across the river. And still there were no signs of Father. A reward was offered for the murderer, who, some said, was surely across the border, north or south, by now. Or perhaps in the deeper hills. Maybe he would sneak up to a hilltop as hunters once did for deer and antelope, bareheaded, looking from behind a soapweed, only it would be a man he was stalking, a man in the valley, sighting through his compass, his back to the killer.

And then Father came home.

With my baby sister astride my hip I ran to tell him. He knew. Above the dark beard his face, commonly so ruddy from wind and sun, was greenish yellow. I dropped behind my mother, afraid.

The funeral was that afternoon.

"You ought to go," Mother reasoned. "What will people say?"

BUT Father didn't go. He lay on the couch under the window, watching the neighbors drive past, his rifle within reach. On their way back, several of them stopped, wondering, generally considering Father's caution wise. An associate of the murderer's, not debonair, handsome, as the killer, but stocky and red-faced, with whitish pig eyes, stood at the outskirts of the crowd a while; and then rode away. It was whispered that he was looking for the locater, also that Uncle Emile was killed because he gossiped, knew too much and told too much about the ranchers. I ran into the garden. Was there anything about them that Father didn't know?

That evening, while Mother was doing the chores and Father inspected the orchard, using his rifle as a cane, I nailed the three windows in their bedroom down with ten penny nails. The house door had no lock, but I drove a spike diagonally into the casing and then worked it out with pinchers, leaving a hole ready for noiseless insertion after everyone was asleep. Jules Junior was told of my activities.

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"I'll rip his belly open with my toad sticker!" he promised, flourishing his one-bladed knife.

"I'll — I'll —" But I could not say that my tactics were aggressive.

That evening our father was careful not to sit between the lamp and the unblinded window while he ate his supper. He found no relish in the accumulation of daily papers, no interest in the new *Geographic*, and contrary to all precedents, he went to bed early. Mother and I cleared away the dishes, but every crunching step outside brought our eyes fearfully together. A belated pig came grunting to the sill; the forgotten cat scratched against the door for her milk; even Keno, the pup, was gone, and I visualized him in the last convulsions of poisoning. Finally everyone was in bed.

When the house began to crackle as old frame houses do if one lies awake to hear, I sneaked out with the spike gripped in my hand. In my horror of being too late — of having the door pushed open in my face, I couldn't find the hole, and the spike slipped from my stiff fingers to the floor with a tremendous clatter.

"Jule!" our mother whispered to her spouse.

I was petrified; my legs like posts. They thought I was the killer! Should I let a probable prowler know my whereabouts? But the scrape of Father's rifle on the wall as he took it down decided me. Closing my eyes and gritting my teeth I took a dive into the unknown, expecting to stop lead either way.

"It's only me!"

No one kindly shot me. In utter disgrace I was packed off to bed and ordered to stay there, "Or you'll get a hell of a licking!" Father threatened. Disgusted, I covered my head with the sheet and hoped we would all be killed.

The next morning even Keno made an appearance. Mother hoed under the trees near the house; the boys hung about, something very unusual for them; I puttered away at the house work, trying not to disturb Father lying on the lounge staring at the ceiling.

After dinner, while searching the cherry trees for ripening fruits, I glimpsed a horsebacker coming up through the young orchard. There was no road; only an occasional hunter from down the river came that way. Hard upon my announcement of his coming, the horseman trotted into the yard. It was the white-eyed man.

He swung from his saddle and stopped, his right hand free over the revolver in his holster. Just then Father limped into the doorway, his rifle across his arm.

"How, Jule!" The man used the old settler's Indian greeting in a surly growl. If there was an answer to the greeting it escaped me. Under his shaggy brows, Father's eyes were sharp as gray gimlets, his palm caressing the grip of his rifle, his forefinger in the trigger guard. Behind him I could see Mother's blue dress and behind her the white faces of the boys.

"What you want?" Jules Sandoz asked the question always demanded of friend or foe.

"Just riding through —" The man's voice was insolent. "This is the road to Pine Creek, ain't it?" As

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if he had every right in our yard!

The two men's eyes held, riveted.

"Yah!" Father spat, at last. "And take it — get off the place, and get damn quick!"

Slowly the man turned his back, mounting his horse deliberately, heavily. He held the impatient animal still, looking down upon the locater in the doorway, his hand resting on the butt of his revolver. Silence hung between them like a poised rattler. Almost imperceptibly Father's finger tightened on the trigger, the knuckles of his hand whitening.

With a laugh that was more a snarl, the man threw back his head, baring his teeth like a dog's. He jerked the reins and loped out of our yard, up the hill, and out of sight.

"They don't catch me unprotected," Father commented, lowering his gun. I went to bed with a sick headache.

A few weeks later we heard that an officer at Roswell, New Mexico, contrived to room with a man he suspected was the killer wanted in the hills. To make certain he tried that antique dodge, an uneasy conscience, exhibiting all the signs of relentless remorse. When the stranger asked him what the trouble was, he said that he had killed a man in a fight.

"Hell, that's nothing! I killed one in cold blood and you don't see me losing sleep over it!"

It all seemed too absurd, even then. The murderer, however, was actually captured there, returned, tried, found guilty of manslaughter, and sentenced to ten years in prison. With good behavior reductions he was out on parole before the bereaved family had adjusted themselves. Even so, the conviction was a definite homesteader victory. In the past these killers had trumped up some sort of case and escaped even temporary detainment.

And just when we settled back into some semblance of normalcy, Father announced that he had filed upon an additional three-quarters, his lawful allotment, twenty-five miles away, over the rolling, terrible hills.

"You are crazy!" Mother lamented.

Not until we learned that a residence must be established did we children sense the full significance of the calamity. Father had put up a small shack and nailed the door shut to prevent the scum that rides the first wave of population into a new country from stealing everything movable. Early in September we set out for the shack. Due to the buckskins' temperamental behavior at gates or during Father's lapses into absent-mindedness, I was commandeered to go along, much to my discomfort. But audible objections were never in order from the Sandoz family, and so, with all the seriousness of an eleven year old with responsibilities, I gripped the lines; Father swung the whip; and the buckskins shot ahead. We were off, into the dreadful hills.

Heat, sand, lizards, and undulations that blended into a perfect similarity stretched endlessly before us. Even game was scarce. We saw few birds, no grays, no cattlemen, only one rattler, and that one escaped into a prairie dog hole. We passed an occasional dugout, a little

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soddy, or an old claim shack, all dull gray and alone in russet or sandgrass valleys. Often we left the wagon trail, only two dim yellowish streaks over the darker tan or obliterated entirely by the light wind in the sand cuts, and struck across the hills. Toward noon the buckskins began to lag. First one singletree and then the other ground the wheel. Squinting under his cap at the sun, Father pulled up to a windmill, scattering a bunch of ruminating Herefords. The team was watered; we lunched from a tin cookie box; and then we went on. The hills grew higher; the valleys harder, resounding under the small hoofs. Soddies were more frequent, with here and there a long gray strip of late breaking, a few anæmic sunflowers pushing up between the sods.

ABOUT five o'clock we arrived at Pete's place, where a preliminary school meeting was in session. The half-soddy, half-frame house was filled with gaunt, sun-bronzed men and women. Several slightly gray girl-women, "Boston old maids," Father dubbed them, sat primly on improvised benches, squeezed in between women nursing babies and men chewing tobacco. Few of the men carried guns, although Pete, a second cousin, had a rifle hung on his wall. Some one told about a celebration given at the Spade ranch, with everything free for the settlers, including ice cream. Were the cattlemen following the gray wolves into mythology?

The next morning we bumped over trackless bunchgrass knolls and finally rattled down over a steep hill. In a high grassy valley, a tiny, new pine shack leaned against the south slope — our homestead. The buckskins snorted and fidgeted about approaching it.

"Hold 'em. I'll walk over," Father warned as he started to see if anything had been disturbed. Before I had the nervous team quieted, he came running back, bobbing grotesquely in his limp, his mouth to the back of his hand.

"Bit by a rattlesnake under the house while I reached for the hammer!"

THE words came in jerks between spittings of clear saliva. The hills did a queer dance — bit by a rattlesnake — a rattlesnake! But Father pushed his pocket knife into my hand and jerked it away before I really could open it, and slashed at the large, purplish swelling about two pin-pricks. The dull blade sank into the puffy flesh but did not cut even the skin. With a groan he flung the knife from him and sucked fiercely.

"I may drop dead any minute!"

His eyes turned habitually to his constant companions in danger — his guns. He grasped the pump-gun.

"Hold that team!" he commanded. I gasped, but before I could form a coherent thought, he slapped his palm down on the rim of the hind wagon-wheel, laid the muzzle against the swelling, holding the gun steady between his body and the wagon bed. A shot echoed up and down the hills. The buckskins plunged ahead. I fell off the seat but clung to the lines. Bracing my feet against the dashboard, I pulled and jerked until the ponies slowed to a short lope, to a trot. When I finally turned them, Father was limping toward me.

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Black, clotty blood dripped from the back of his hand where the swelling had been. I tied the lines about my waist, ripped the blue shirt sleeve, and made a handkerchief tourniquet just below the shoulder. Then, gray-faced, Father lay down in the wagon bed.

"Drive for Pete's and drive like hell!"

Too terrified to ask the direction, I swung the whip over the ponies, letting them take their heads. They sprang out; my sunbonnet flew off; the board seat went next as we bounced over the bumpy knobs. I dared not look at the man in the wagon. I was afraid.

FOAM from the ponies' mouth hit cold against my cheek. With my feet far apart, I hung to the lines as we tore at breakneck speed down a long hill and across a valley. It all seemed so strange, unreal. Surely this was not the way we came an hour ago, perhaps only fifteen minutes ago? We must be lost. And just when I was sure that we were, I saw the place. Pete came running out to stop what he considered just another runaway.

With his wife he helped Father into the house and then he ran to saddle a horse and ride to John Strasburger's homestead for whiskey. I knew he was aggressively temperance; he would never have any. Even if he did, I had heard of a sheepherder who died from snake bite while dead drunk. By the time that Pete came back, brandishing a tall bottle about a quarter full, Father's arm was purple to the shoulder. He gulped the brown liquid.

"It's not enough," he mumbled, hopelessly, and sank back.

Pete ran to hitch his team to the top buggy. I held the horses while he went to fetch Father, staggering, but not drunk. "Don't let them run away," he warned as the buggy sagged under his weight. I thought he meant the buckskins. Hold horses, hold horses! Would I really have to drive home alone? They would run away; the gates were too hard to open; I could never find the way. . . .

PETE cut my introspections short by swinging me into the buggy bed at his feet. We shot through the yard gate and were on our way home. After four or five miles of sand the fiery team slowed, their lathered sides heaving. Father's face was sunken into his beard, his eyes closed. He swayed a little. I reached my arm around his knees and held on to the seat to keep him from sliding forward. Once he looked down upon me.

"Swelling's spreading into the lungs," he panted, thickly. Pete whipped the jaded team into an unbelievably slow run.

"If he kills his team getting me home, tell Mama to pay for them," Father instructed me. I pulled my skirt up to my face and cried, slowly, hopelessly. "Your mama's a good woman," he went on, his breath wheezing. "And you'll get like her. Marry a farmer and help build up the country."

This unprecedented sentiment from our father disorganized any resistance I might have had. I must have wailed, for Pete cautioned me.

"Hush, you'll have to keep steady. We may need you to drive before this day is done."

Biting the gingham of my skirt —

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I'll always remember the taste of the cotton and the dye on my tongue — I calmed myself. After all, violence was a constant specter at our elbows. . . . But the sun burned my unshaded eyes. My head ached. And still the wheels spun yellow sand into my lap, my face. Father did not answer our inquiries any more. At two claim shacks we stopped. Only frightened faces rewarded us. No one had anything. At last we were in sight of the blue ribbon of the Niobrara. Pete whipped up the gaunt, lathered team and in one last spurt we were in our own yard.

"Ah, now, you let the horses run away!" Mother scolded as she ran out to meet us. But when she understood she sent me flying on cramped legs into the house for a cup of whiskey, a big cup. Father shot it into his mouth. Before they had him in the house, I was on my way to Sears's, for, of course, our telephone was out of order! It was clear that I could make the mile trip in less time than Pete's horses, already down in their harness in the yard.

Dropping into a dog trot which previous emergencies had taught me I could hold for the mile, I finally lived to cover the infinite distance. And Bachelor Charley was an eternity answering my knock on the screen door.

Long after dark that night, as I lay abed in a coma from exhaustion, I was awakened by Jules Junior shouting into my ear: "The doctor's come — in a red automobile!"

And so he had, but I didn't get to see the mechanical contrivance. A funny, short man pushed me back to my pillow, telling me I must be still. Father would pull through. But he might have been dead long before this from the deadly September venom if he hadn't shot it off.

Thus, in harrowing climax, ended our plans to take up a new homestead that fall. In the winter Father changed his filing for a more promising one, where adventures in bitter blizzards awaited us among other ordeals of those pioneer days which are still, as I write, hardly a quarter century in the past.

NEXT month Miss Sandoz concludes her reminiscences of a childhood in the Nebraska sandhills.

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The Day of the Dirigible

By J. C. Hunsaker

Londoners would have wanted strong persuasion in the early war years to believe that Zeppelins could easily be forgotten. Terror was too real and close a thing in those days, and too much associated with those destruction-bearing airships to allow of memory lapses. Nevertheless, they soon forgot, and most of the rest of the world with them.

The remarkable development of the airplane in speed and manœuvrability during the war, together with the advent of incendiary bullets, eclipsed the airships as weapons of warfare. Their unwieldiness and the inflammability of their hydrogen made the Zeppelins too easy targets for offensive use. But one might wonder why they had no renaissance immediately after the war. Surely their obvious advantages over the airplane in some respects should have merited at least the attention the latter received. Why were they relegated to obscurity when the airplane was daily filling the newspapers with speed, endurance and altitude records? The answer is quite simple: at Versailles there was still too great a respect for their potentialities in war, and the peacemakers decreed that Germany should build no more Zeppelins for ten years.

It is not to be thought that the Allies gave no attention to the Zeppelins beyond this mark of respect. They seized all they could find, promptly tore some of them apart to see what made them go, and set to work building new ones from what they learned. Our *Shenandoah*, for instance, was built with information obtained from captured German airships. But these attempts were never conspicuously successful. The genius was essentially German, and it was bound to inactivity.

In the last few years, however, with the Eckener flights and the launching of the two great British airships, this type of aircraft has emerged from its obscurity into a new and prominent position in the public eye. Our air-mindedness has broadened to include it; and we have shown an enthusiasm and hope for its development. In fact, we are ready to consider its practical problems and commercial possibilities.

Our own Navy is building at Akron, in conjunction with the Goodyear-Zeppelin Corporation, what will be the two greatest airships in the world. It might be well to remember that after the Armistice, when airship development in Germany was blocked, the Zeppelin trustees trans-

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ferred their patents, experience and skill to the Goodyear-Zeppelin Corporation, and that thus these new ships represent the combined genius of Germany and resources of the United States.

IN PLANNING these ships (and all other airships, of course) there have been four major considerations: lifting capacity, structural strength, fire risk and safe landing.

With regard to lifting capacity, which in the end means utility, it has been proved that big airships are more efficient than little ones. Double the size and you nearly triple the pay load that can be carried. With the airplane, the pay load as a fraction of total weight is virtually constant, and actually decreases in very large sizes. The airplane appears to be inherently restricted to moderate size and capacity by economic considerations.

As far as structural strength is concerned, there is little to say that would interest any one but a technician. The *Shenandoah* and the British *R38* were based on war time Zeppelin construction methods, in which every possible ounce of weight was saved. They were lost because they were too fragile for abnormally severe service. It is worth noting that none of the 116 ships built by Count Zeppelin and his company ever was wrecked because of structural weakness. The *Los Angeles* for six years has cruised safely in all sorts of American weather. With larger airships it is practicable to provide greatly increased factors of safety without undue addition of weight.

The answer to the question of fire risk is, of course, helium. Using this gas, an airship need have no fear of incendiary bullets in war or of a general conflagration in peace. Incidentally, America has a corner on the world's known supply of helium — enough, it is estimated, for a century of airship development.

Finally, the problem of handling the airship in port has been enormously simplified by the perfection, from the practical experience of the United States Navy at Lakehurst, of the mooring mast originally designed by the British.

THE new American ships will be 785 feet long, 146 feet high and will have a capacity for 6,500,000 cubic feet of helium. Their speed will be nearly 90 miles an hour, and they will be able to cruise for a week without refueling. Their great size (nearly twice that of the *Graf Zeppelin*) and improved design will give them a structural strength quite equal to any conceivable exigency of weather they will have to endure. As instruments of warfare — naval scouts — they will be formidable, for, besides being able to carry several machine gun nests to fight off enemy aircraft without fear of conflagration, they will carry five "fighter" type airplanes which can be launched in flight and taken in again.

But our interest in them lies less in this than in their commercial possibilities. And in our consideration of these possibilities, it is well to remark that the sky, thanks to modern radio methods, can be made safe as it never was before. The air over the continent is charted, its currents are known, its storms mapped, and radio bearings can indicate a course in fog or darkness. A

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similar weather service over the sea can be organized by the routine compilation of radio reports from ships, which are already equipped with powerful radio transmitters and only need a demand created by commercial airship operations to furnish the service.

It appears that the airplane or flying boat, for distances below 1,000 miles, is the more economical means of transportation. The airship requires expensive terminals (it is even desirable to have two at each end, so that in case of bad weather at one it can land at the other), and for that reason one should no more expect it to make frequent stops than expect the *Leviathan* to run profitably between Boston and New York. For coastal runs, where it may refuel at frequent intervals, the airplane furnishes a flexible and economical schedule for the frequent dispatch of small loads, but for long, non-stop flights over seas it seems to be inherently limited, because its pay load vanishes when fuel enough is carried to make the journey with an adequate margin of safety. Over seas, then, is the field for the airship.

At present there are three routes in this field which might be used to advantage. The first, across the North Atlantic, with over 100,000,000 people on each side with highly developed trade relations, offers the greatest commercial reward. But the other two, one across the Pacific via Hawaii, Guam and the Philippines to the Far East, and the other connecting us with the Argentine, offer greater safety because of weather conditions. And across the Atlantic an airship service will face foreign competition, whereas across the Pacific the route to the Far East is marked by American islands, and an all-American enterprise may be expected to develop with less likelihood of foreign competition during the pioneering period.

There are on the North Atlantic run eleven so-called monster steamers, of which only one, the *Leviathan*, is under the American flag. Those vessels include five which reliably give a six-day service, and six which give a seven-day service. It is expected that by 1937, when foreign vessels now projected are completed, there will be, in addition to those eleven, five and possibly six ships of unprecedented size, able to maintain a five-day service. The United States Shipping Board in response to a Senate inquiry has reported conclusively on the improbability of four-day steamers in the more distant future. Therefore, considering five days as the shortest practicable time for steamers (delivering mail on the sixth day) it is concluded that airship service, to justify its expense, should offer a two-and-a-half-day crossing.

The speed of the Navy airships will be ample to maintain an average two-and-a-half-day crossing. The eastward passage would often follow the Great Circle route, benefiting by the westerly winds, and should be made in two days. For the westward passage, it would often be advisable to take the sailing ship route via the Azores, which is longer than the direct route, but avoids the prevailing westerlies and would permit a normal crossing in three days. Abnormal weather conditions could be met by the strength of the ships and

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their great margin of cruising endurance. In winter, storms which delay liners one or two days in arrival would delay the airship no more.

It seems proper that the greatest beneficiary of high-speed transportation should be the first-class mail. As the airplane mail service carried pilots through their pioneering stage, developing suitable designs of airplanes and a safe operating technique, so might it be with the airship service. Progress in navigation and design would go along with the benefit to the mail service.

BECAUSE of the small carrying capacity of the airplane, it has developed along the line of a special daily airmail service. For transatlantic airships, however, the fundamental conditions are quite the contrary. Their capacity is not so limited, and they could give a weekly or semiweekly service for all the accumulated first class mail. In this they would compete with vessels.

The entire mail to Europe out of New York is 300 tons weekly, so it is out of the question for airships to take it all, and the parcel post and printed matter which make up ninety per cent of this foreign mail would not be greatly profited by extra speed, anyway. The carrying capacity of the new airships with Naval equipment removed will be 25 tons and the entire first class mail out of New York amounts to only 30 tons a week. Consequently, this ten per cent of mail, made up of letters and post cards, could be forwarded by the most rapid means possible, leaving the other ninety per cent to be forwarded by vessel in the most economical manner.

Assuming that airships crossing eastward in two days will compete with five- and six-day steamships, it is necessary that an airship leave New York frequently if a substantial saving in time is to be realized. A semiweekly sailing appears to be possible and attractive. For example, a two-day airship leaving Saturday night would arrive near London or Paris Monday night and delivery of letters should take place to residents of those cities on Tuesday morning. Letters posted in New York on Saturday, Friday, Thursday or Wednesday could not be carried by steamer and obtain earlier delivery. In other words, a Wednesday morning and a Saturday night sailing by airship could, with advantage to the mail, carry all first class mail collected in New York during the week.

IT MAY be predicted with confidence that the speeding up of the mails by a two-day crossing will create additional letter writing and take a good deal of message business now handled by delayed cable service. Making no allowance for such probable increase in volume, and taking on each sailing one-half of the weekly total, it is assumed that at least 15 tons of mail will be available for the airship. For a net capacity of the airship of about 25 tons, the remaining 10 tons could be used for 25 passengers. A somewhat larger airship has been designed to carry 15 tons of mail and 50 passengers.

Here we have a practical schedule for the Atlantic route. Now let us turn to the Pacific. A glance at the map shows us Hawaii 2,400 miles from California on the way to

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Manila, in the midst of permanent fair weather. The stretch of sea between California and Hawaii is without doubt the most favorable in the world for airship operations. A service to Manila and the Far East has been proposed by the recently organized Pacific Zeppelin Transport Company, with operations to commence on the route between California and Hawaii, one airship making a weekly round trip with passengers and mails. This pioneer enterprise is advanced by a group including the three American steamship lines now carrying passengers and mails on this route, and four airplane lines now doing the same for California. This airship would give a weekly round-trip service, going west in 36 hours and returning in less than 48 hours, as against the four-and-a-half to seven-day steamer schedules.

THE commercial success of such enterprises as these would depend, of course, on the assured mail revenue they could get from the Government, for this, in its turn, would determine the passenger fare that must be charged. This would probably be about double the steamer fare in any event, but would never deter the American traveller, who cares little for expense when he can get speed and comfort. Three times steamship speed should satisfy him for the present, and the living quarters inside the hull that are permitted by the use of helium — quarters far roomier and more comfortable than those on any aircraft built or projected heretofore — together with relief from the tossing of the seas, will satisfy his desire for ease and luxury.

It is perhaps unjust to point out that while Germany's Zeppelin building is purely a commercial enterprise and England's a civil one (to enable Government officials to convene without the great loss of time spent in travelling from such far places as Australia and New Zealand to London), America's is essentially military — or rather, naval. The two ships under construction at Akron are being built primarily for the day when the national safety zone will be a thousand miles at sea, and they are intended to be efficient watchdogs.

NEVERTHELESS, the building of these dirigibles firmly establishes airship construction in this country as an industry and places us in a position to produce commercial airships for our future overseas air commerce. With the expansion and growing importance of our foreign trade, swifter transportation of our mail and representatives becomes a necessity. The airship is available, but we can not afford to let others perform this essential service for us. An even start in skill and experience is assured to us by the Navy's six years of experimental work with the *Los Angeles*, and the art of construction is established. It remains only to inaugurate commercial airship operations before foreign world transportation interests become as firmly established on the main trade routes with aircraft as they are with ships.

At any rate, beyond the two Naval craft loom more peaceful ships, spanning the continent in two-day jaunts, sailing regularly overseas to far possessions, and linking world capitals in nonstop flights.

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Bilge-Rats and Soo ji-Artists

By R. P. Harriss

I must down to the seas again, to the lonely
sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to
steer her by.

They troop in from the colleges by hundreds. From June until the middle of the summer the Sea Service Bureau is subjected to a veritable plague of them. This one has a letter from his dad's Congressman, that one is the son of a high-ranking Government job holder; still another has an introduction from a wire-pulling Senator. And scores haven't anything but monogrammed sweaters and high hopes. But they must all down to the sea, for they have sniffed romance in the pages of Melville and Conrad and Masefield and (God forbid!) Miss Joan Lowell.

Their heads are full of it —

"A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
And a wind that follows fast —"

and all that sort of thing. Though they may have learned something from their studies about Doctor Johnson, they conveniently forget his pronouncement: "No man," he said, and his observation is curiously applicable even in this day of modern shipping, "no man will be a sailor who has contrivance enough to get himself into a jail; for being in a ship is being in jail, with the chance of being drowned."

Those with sufficiently intimidating credentials are signed on as deck boys; they emerge from the shipping master's office beaming with adventurer's rash, and hurry down to the docks to board their ships. Others, not so armed, must wait their turn and take what they can get, if, indeed, there *is* anything, for Shipping Board vessels carry few deck boys.

These less fortunate fellows visit the waterfront shops (gypjoints, the sailor calls them), buy sea bags and dungaree outfits, and haunt the Bureau office for days on end. A few finally get the call, but the majority eventually drift away to find some other employment in which to spend their vacation months. Unfortunate? Perhaps. But they have saved their romantic illusions for another season, at least.

On the deck of a modern iron freight ship, the old legends fare ill. Collegians, full of sailing vessel lore gleaned from books — what a shaking up their ideas and preconceived

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notions will have got, ere the summer is over! They will have learned that Happy Jack the Sailorman is in reality a lowly laborer who knows far more about the business end of a deck mop than a top-gallant sail; that charwomen's work constitutes a large portion of the able-bodied seaman's duties; that the craft of the sooji-artist is more valuable than the knack of rope-splicing or the mysteries of a monkey-face, or a knowledge of navigation rules. They will have learned that the A.B. seaman is often inferior both in mentality and physique to the average longshoreman. He ties no knots, in the ordinary course of his daily routine, that are unknown to the advanced Boy Scout. Even the quartermaster at the wheel has far less responsibility than an ordinary trolley car motorman. A willingness to stand abuse, bad food and exposure; to fetch and carry like a plumber's assistant; to put up with sabre-toothed vermin in the bunks, and to work for wages no hotel bell-hop would think of accepting — this will gain for the modern Happy Jack a rating of "good seamanship" on his discharge papers when the ship pays off at the end of the cruise.

And yet, for all of this, the seasoned A.B. must still command the respect, if no longer the romantic admiration, of the summer time sailor who is seeking adventure during the three months' vacation. He has intimate stories to tell about women of all the ports of the world. He can compare the jails of Cardiff, Wales, with those of Durban, South Africa, and he knows what word will make a Frenchman kick somebody's teeth out. He can wash himself and all his clothes cleanly in a single bucket of hot salt water; and he has a way of obtaining a degree of solace from a mere pinch of shag tobacco that is totally unknown to the landsman.

Your old timer has admirable foresight, too, for he will have tucked away in his sea bag a few tins of sardines, hoarded frugally against the day when the ship's meat becomes inhabited; and a jar of Limey marmalade and a bit of tea to supplant the messroom breakfast fare when the ship's eggs and coffee can no longer be endured.

And there is a rough camaraderie among seamen which cleaves through national prejudices.

My own initiation into the art and mystery of the sea began in a freighter's forecastle which held a crew made up of a Dane, a Norwegian, a Breton, a Liverpool Irishman, a Dublin Mick, a Lancashireman, a Scot, a Bluenose, and three Americans (from the West Coast and Boston) — all living in complete harmony. Complete, that is, if we overlook the several drunken brawls which inevitably follow shore leave in foreign ports. Motley such a crew may be, but its members will take a shipmate's part if he should be set upon by the crew of another ship, in some waterfront dive.

But there is an understandable prejudice among seafaring men against the rah-rah boy or summer time sailor. He is not of the breed, he is full of crazy ideas, he says "the front of the ship," "floor" and "upstairs." Being a deck boy, he is suspected of having got his job through "pull"; and for this reason they feel

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that he should be made to suffer. To him, accordingly, go the meanest tasks, the dirtiest jobs. And though he perform them cheerfully, even efficiently, the boatswain will never be pleased. Deck boys, in fact, are quickly made to feel that they exist solely as safety valves for the bos'n's pent-up ill will, affording him convenient objects for scorn and ridicule, things upon which to vent the resonant and cadenced invective which years of seafaring have furnished him and which succeeding generations of deck boys serve to keep alive and vivid.

THEY are the goats, the fall guys: miserable, non-savvying Jonahs. Bilge-rats and sooji-artists, they at times must crawl like toads and snakes through the black and noisome recesses of the very bowels of the ship, scraping up with their hands the putrid sediment of rotten grain and moldy lumps of decaying meal and flour left when a previous cargo was removed from the hold; crouched down there in the dark, far under the surface of the sea, hearing the ocean pound and slip a bare few inches under them while they dig out of crannies and crevices the leprous white tangles and roots of wheat grains sprouting in the black and oily water of the bilge.

And the institution known as sooji — what a pain in the neck that is! A pain for the whole crew, however, for none escapes, though the deck boy gets more than his full share. A mighty groan goes up among the day men on the morning the bos'n pokes his nose into the forecastle and says, "Turn to — go midships for sooji-wooji."

The sooji-barrel contains a substance which will remove dirt and grime from iron and woodwork, and the skin from human hands. Suppose the ship is in the North Atlantic, off the Grand Banks of Newfoundland: that is the time your hard-boiled bos'n will call all hands on deck to man the sooji-rags in the teeth of an icy wind — and summer winds in this region can cut like a knife. Bare-footed, wet to the skin, the strong sooji water stinging their eyes, the crew will scrub every square inch of space, from the fo'c'sle-head to the fantail. Foredeck, welldeck, boatdeck, bridge; every boom, ventilator, mushroom, mast and funnel will be laved. The process usually requires several days, and if the weather is rough enough the shivering sooji-artist will begin to believe, as did Masefield's Dauber, that bodily comfort was just a fairy tale "told long ago — heard of in other lives — imagined, dreamed," in some forgotten age.

YET there are compensations. Your ship, say, is making United Kingdom ports. There will be glorious days in London, roistering times in Liverpool and Manchester. The quiet and indescribably lovely little country villages with their hospitable pubs: ye Eagle and Childe, the Bull and Butcher, the Rose and Crown. A rowdy time with the crew in "fish and chips" joints of the Cardiff waterfront, a set-to, if you like, with pretty Belfast Mary, or more buxom Mag the Boiler maker. Then the Welsh coast, the green Irish Sea; Queenstown, clean and bright and prideful of its Ould Sod Catholic Church; Cork, and a ride in a

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jaunting car to Blarney Castle to kiss the Blarney Stone, or the barmaid who went with you. All the exuberant experiences which even deck boys may enjoy, if they manage cleverly.

When my own ship, the *Bannockburn*, docked in Manchester, after the long towage up the smelly ship canal, with the green fields of Lancashire and Cheshire almost touching the ship's sides, there was an almost immediate bolt. Manchester is a hungry city (hungry near the docks, at any rate); the lines have scarcely been made fast when the out-o'-works swarm aboard, to hover hungrily about the sailors' mess, the galley, the forecastle. Messmen are relieved of all work, for the hungry visitors are only too glad to wash the dishes in exchange for food; and for the added privilege of carrying the left-overs home to their families they will wash down the messroom and scrub the table. Seamen aboard find it easy to hire unemployed seamen who will fill in for them during absences. Most skippers permit each man one day's leave in port, anyway; and if he has a drag with the boatswain he can generally arrange to hire a substitute to take his place for a few days while he flings away the few pounds or shillings (advanced him by the Old Man) in riotous days and nights in the gin mills. Failing to make such an arrangement, he can be logged "two-for-one," having double his daily wage taken away from him for each day he was absent without leave.

After the first bolt, the older seamen usually stay with the ship. It is only the deck boys who must make a break for London — a place of endless delight to a deck boy fresh from the sooji-watch. Merely to stroll from one's hotel is to encounter adventure.

We returned to Manchester almost penniless and boarded the *Bannockburn* in the filthiest weather and on the blackest night I ever encountered. As we toiled up the ladder a deluge of rain fell on us, washing away every trace of London smartness that we may have acquired. It was, as our Lancashireman would have said, a "propur soaker." There was nothing jaunty about us as we crept into hiding over the fantail, there to spend the night — a night of broken slumber, for the rest of the crew, in a drunken brawl, were working havoc in the forecastle. The bunks, benches and other pitiful odds and ends of furnishings were almost completely wrecked. As often as we dropped off to sleep we were awakened by violent sounds of battle — Frenchie's staccato in three languages, the hoarse oaths of Blackie; unintelligible shouts from Ollie, the Swede; the crash of a beer bottle.

Tomorrow we must turn to at 5 A.M., leaving for Cork. The crew would be jumpy, tempers ugly, nerves frayed.

As I lay there on the hard dunnage over the fantail, I could scarcely believe London had been true. Most fabulous of all seemed the thick towels, white bed linen, and fresh food of our hotel in Russell Square!

On the return voyage, the initial greenness of the summer time sailor has worn off, hard work becomes not only bearable but at times even en-

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joyable. His bones no longer feel like burgoo, his feet no longer like twin tiller bars. Hands have become tough and calloused. The appetite grows sharp — sharper than a bitch-wolf's, as the stowaway (a West Coaster) would say. Sleep, soon after supper, comes sweetly and unbidden, overmastering the most interesting book that Sparks, who keeps the modest ship's library, is able to supply.

Gradually the boatswain begins to show a little human decency. He drops a hint now and then about easing-up on the job without letting the mate know it. Chips, pottering around in the 'tween-decks at his carpentering, is not averse to having a deck boy give him a hand at light tasks. Big Boston, tattooed from belly to beard, offers friendship and advice. Finally comes a trick at the wheel, and standing watch. Then it is that the collegiate adventurer will *almost* get back a few of his lost illusions: for, although it is true that the seaman lives on intimate terms with vermin, it is equally true that he intimately lives with stars.

On the homeward trip, too, the summer time sailor will have become conversant with sea ways sufficiently to be on the lookout for those items of interest which break the monotony of the long, slow freight voyage. Too bewildered and overworked on the outward bound journey to notice them, he now learns to watch for whales spouting in the distance; occasionally this mightiest of mammals rolls right past within an easy stone's throw, sometimes a whole herd of them, disporting in leviathan fashion as if fully conscious of the spectacle they provide for human eyes. I shall never forget that it was while reading *Moby Dick*, as I lay in my bunk, that the watch called me to come and see a *white* whale just off our starboard bow! To tell the entire truth, this whale was too far away by the time I leaped on deck — I saw only his spouting. But the third and the watch declared it to have been white and the incident was written down in the ship's log. As for porpoises and blackfish, they became mere commonplace. Then there are the sailing ships, all too infrequently met. The names of their various parts are learned until the summer time sailor is letter-perfect, and full of contempt for landsmen, who can not tell the difference between a bark and a barkentine.

I was not disappointed at the absence of sailor chanties aboard the *Bannockburn*, for I knew enough about modern steamships to know that these work songs do not carry over from the wooden ships. All the older sailors had shipped on sailing vessels, but they remembered mainly the bitter hardships. Except for a few snatches, which they seldom sang, and then only when washing their clothes, they were silent with regard to the traditional sea songs. They preferred tunes from the American movie houses or the English music halls. It is true that one folk song was also popular, but it did not have anything to do with the ocean, being a cowboy ballad, *Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairee*. The West Coast stowaway sang it, and also played it on a mouth-harp.

We used to sit, when not on watch, on the poop deck in the evening,

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commiserating together on the food, which grew steadily worse. It was Big Boston's contention that the steward (who hated the crew: it is a tradition) had spent too much on the previous cruise and that he was "making up on us" by using stores that should have been thrown away three months before. Stale, moldy sweets were to be bought from the steward's slop chest, but these, like everything else there, bore the unmistakable flavor of great antiquity. It seemed almost desecration to disturb them.

More pleasant were the nights in the forecastle messroom, when we had been able to barter something — a tin of tobacco or a few cigarettes — to the petty officer's messman for ship's tea, which he managed to filch from the steward's stores. Sitting cup in hand, the summer time sailors listen to yarn after yarn, told jerkily and with frequent interruptions, but with unctuous phraseology which can scarcely be suggested on the printed page. It occurs to me now that while fully ninety per cent of the talk dealt with women, the word *women* was not once used, while the only printable reference to that sex was "skirt." Only at intervals does the talk touch upon other topics. Liquor, fights, the brig. Big Boston describes a bout between a cobra and a mongoose, once sponsored by a fakir on the deck of his ship in Port Said. The Breton is full of shipwreck yarns. The Dane, not having a fluent English vocabulary, is not talkative, but once in a great while tells of some experience of his aboard a Scandinavian sailing ship.

The Lancashireman's story about the smart ordinary who carved his name on a ship's wheel was a favorite of mine. It seems, according to the tale, the young fellow cut a letter with his knife each time he stood his trick at steering. Then the skipper found it out, and "merry blinkin' hell" followed:

"Awr! and was the Old Man '*ot?* Ay, he crucifyin' well *was!* 'I'll log 'ee for that,' 'e tells the ordinary, 'for tha's ruined the wheel with cuttin' tha blasted nyme on it!' Ba goom, log 'im 'e did! Charged 'im for a brand new wheel, as was put on in place o' the old one, coom the end o' the voyage. But this young ordinary, a sharp lad's 'im. 'E goes to a lawyer, and together they con it over.

"'What day of the year was it tha was logged?' asks the lawyer.

"'Eighth day o' March,' says the lad. 'From then on I drew no pay at all.'

"'And when did she make port and discharge?' asks the lawyer.

"''Twas twelfth o' April,' says the lad.

"'Sure, then,' says the lawyer, 'the very day the skipper logged 'ee, that's the very day 'e sold 'is wheel to you, on the installment plan! For tha sure was a-payin' for it every day tha was logged. So, laddie us'll just charge 'im for the use o' tha own wheel, from eighth o' March to twelfth o' April!'

"And the judge in the coort made the Old Man pay — aye, the lad was richer by 500 pound in pocket. O' coorse," he added knowingly, "o' coorse there was more, but the lawyer 'e got that."

And so the endless yarning runs on until the twelve-to-four watch (the

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star-watch) rolls into bed — the signal for all loud talking to cease. One by one, the others quietly roll in, too. This is the pleasantly drowsy period when the seaman lies tucked in his bunk, smoking a meditative pipe, listening to the Atlantic slap-slapping against the old tub's hull while her screw thuds out a rhythmic "*New*-York-*bound! New*-York-*bound!*" — the sweetest moments of the summer time sailor's day.

Life aboard hasn't been half bad, after all, despite the sooji.

Cape Race. Sable Island. The Canadian coast, busy shipping, countless fishing boats out of Boston. New London trawlers. Swordfishermen. Mackerel schooners. Hardy Bluenosers from Nova Scotia. Coastwise steamers.

ONE day from New York, and the crew already is talking of home-brew beer, and Coney Island; Clara Bow, Lon Chaney. Chips describes in detail the grandeur of Roxy's, which he attended once. There is an overhauling of shore clothes, some neat mending and darning of dungarees. And much washing. A collegiate deck boy, as his voyage is nearing the end, may strip off his dirty garments and cast them away forever, or roll up a soiled jacket and stuff it down in his sea bag. Not so your prideful regular seaman. Every piece of clothing in his well-hoarded kit is to him a useful article, to be sewed and patched and put away clean and ready for use again when needed.

Several of the oldtimers who have shipped together on other ships plan to spend their week or so ashore and then sign on together once more. We deck boys may never see each other again. Blackie, who once lifted me, stunned and bleeding, out of a pile of dunnage which fell when we were working in the hold, offered me his hand, and I learned the Lancashireman's name — Shevlin. We had known him simply as Blackie. Mick passes me a slip of paper on which he has laboriously printed his name and address in Fitz-William Street, Ringsend, Dublin. Boston says, "I'll write you a picture postal, Jack!"

A POWERFUL tugboat tows us into the harbor, past The Lady. Dansky waves a wet and soapy hand, and there is something akin to an enigmatic smile on the usually simple face as he greets the familiar statue.

"T'e landt uf Liberty — undt prohibition!"

I always respected the Scandinavian sailors' passion for cleanliness, but this respect is vastly increased after we dock. The customs men (in rough stevedores' clothes and looking like thugs and rummies) board us and search every conceivable hiding place for liquor, even digging into the coal bunkers. While these snoopers are swarming over the decks, the Swede and Dane sit stupidly beside their buckets, scrubbing away at their shirts. The forecastle is searched thoroughly; but when the searchers finally go away empty-handed, the stolid Nordics reach down under the fluffy suds of their buckets and bring out three large square bottles apiece.

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Hughes the Humanitarian

By Joseph Percival Pollard

Some facts from the previous Supreme Court record of our Chief Justice, which his Senatorial opponents forgot when they assailed his nomination

Now that the smoke of battle over the appointment of Charles Evans Hughes as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court has died down, one can not help wondering whether the Senators who assailed him had ever troubled to examine his record, not while he was in private life but when he was on the bench.

It is well to note, at the outset, the important fact that Messrs. Taft and Hughes did not render constitutional decisions at the same time. The World War separated their incumbencies, and that made a difference. Before the war, the spirit of democracy, economic as well as political, was abroad in the land, and the machinery of government was producing conditions under which humble people, and comparatively humble political units, could thrive much better than under the conditions sanctioned by Mark Hanna. Under the leadership of Roosevelt and Wilson, social and industrial reforms were brought about, and both Congress and the State legislatures were permitted to make democratic adjustments, as the Income Tax Amendment and the Adamson Eight Hour Law for railway employees testified. But the war put a stop to all that. Warfare is always succeeded by a period of conservatism in government, and the post-war president, Harding, was exceptionally eager to restore the supremacy of unregulated business enterprise. Undoubtedly both Justice Hughes and Justice Taft felt the temper of their respective times.

But their two points of view have differed for more fundamental reasons than this. Justice Taft had spent practically all his life in the service of the Federal Government. He was Solicitor General, Circuit Court judge in Ohio, Governor General of the Philippines, Secretary of War, and President. These long years of service for the Nation were bound to give him an extremely nationalistic approach to constitutional questions that came before him as Chief Justice. He was eminently fitted, by the subtle influences of public environment, to carry on in the tradition of John Marshall. And that tradition involved a definite eco-

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nomic as well as political programme. The whole history of Federalism shows how closely political centralization is linked with economic individualism, with the right of private property to be free from the regulation of State governments.

JUSTICE HUGHES, on the other hand, was not confined to a strictly national point of view. As his public life had been divided between State and Nation, he could see both sides of the troublesome problems which our peculiar dual system of government engendered. Just before his first appointment to the Supreme Court, he had rendered able and public-spirited service as Governor of New York State. His duties had been performed with a fearlessness and independence of judgment that won him the admiration of even those industrial magnates who objected so strenuously to his creating a Public Service Commission to regulate great public utilities. As executive of a great State, in sympathy with the welfare work of his State legislature, he could appreciate the chagrin with which the body politic of the various States received the Supreme Court's pronouncements that their legislative acts were unconstitutional.

The Supreme Court's control over State legislation is derived from the Fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution: "Nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law." The use or abuse of this vague, general provision depends entirely upon the emphasis which the judges place upon the words "liberty" and "property." Under the leadership of Chief Justice Taft, the court placed a much higher value on those words, and interpreted the amendment more strictly than it did when Hughes was Associate Justice. It is significant that in the earlier era, the liberal Fourteenth Amendment views of Justice Holmes, in which Hughes usually joined, were, for the most part, the prevailing views of the court. There were not as many dissenting opinions then as there are now. But during the past nine years, Justice Taft and his conservative colleagues, all appointed by President Harding, have relegated Justice Holmes to the position of minority leader.

THERE were many important cases involving the validity of State laws during Hughes' justiceship and he solved them well, with an open-minded appreciation of the close connection between constitutional law and social progress. He invariably upheld the right of the States, under their inherent police power, to pass laws to secure the comfort and welfare of the common people.

In 1913 the Minnesota Rate Case called forth one of his greatest opinions. Stockholders of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern Railroads had challenged the right of the State of Minnesota to establish transportation rates for commerce carried on within that State. They sought to annul the law on the ground that they were being deprived of property without due process, and that the regulation of *intra*state as well as *inter*state commerce was exclusively granted to the Federal Government by the Con-

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stitution. Congress had not as yet regulated this transportation, and the State rates were the only controlling measures then in effect. Millions of dollars were involved in the suit, and among the array of eminent counsel retained by the railroad owners was Mr. Pierce Butler, who, as Mr. Justice Butler, has so often sided with Taft in later decisions of the court. Justice Hughes, in a hundred page opinion, decided against the claims of the stockholders, and upheld Minnesota's power to control the rates of a great railway system in the absence of any action by Congress.

In 1914 the important question of the right of a State to regulate business enterprise came again before the court. The question here involved was whether the insurance business was sufficiently "clothed with a public interest" to be the subject of legislation. The Supreme Court, Hughes concurring, decided that it was so subject, and sustained the Kansas law which a large insurance company had attacked. This was a progressive decision, in keeping with the needs of an economic democracy, and one which augured well for future limitations on prices charged by other business enterprises of public concern.

But what happened when the later Supreme Court under Chief Justice Taft had the same constitutional problem to solve? Taft and his associates placed the wall of the Fourteenth Amendment around the liberal rule of the insurance case, and refused to let it spread. From 1927 on, governmental restraint on commercial projects was forbidden as working a deprivation of property "without due process of law."

Minnesota, for instance, had enacted a law designed to protect consumers against price abuses prevalent in the great dairy industry of that state. The Taft court threw out the Minnesota law; and a year later the New Jersey law, fixing the rates to be charged by private employment agencies in that state, met with the same fate. The effect of the employment agency decision was nationwide rather than local, and aroused a storm of hostile criticism throughout the country. For twenty-one States had similar statutes on their books in the hope of discouraging the abusive practices of the agencies — exorbitant fees, unsuitable jobs procured, fee-splitting with conniving employers, and fraud of all sorts. And all of these statutes were now automatically voided by the Taft court.

Beside the question of rate regulation, the many bitter struggles between capital and labor that came in time to be settled by the high tribunal were settled in vastly different ways by Justice Taft and by Justice Hughes. The legislature of California had enacted a humane Women's Eight Hour Labor Law. Louis D. Brandeis had assisted in preparing the law, and when it was challenged by employers in 1915, he defended it before the Supreme Court. Justice Hughes did not let a narrow construction of the Constitution prevent him from approving a statute whose social need was imperative. He realized that the Eighteenth Century doctrine of "liberty" of contract was a myth in an indus-

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trial world where employers of labor held the upper hand in the bargaining. So he wrote an opinion upholding the vigorous plea of Attorney Brandeis that the California law be allowed to stand.

IN THE same year Justice Hughes showed his further sympathy with labor legislation by his dissent in the case of Coppage *v.* Kansas. Labor unions at that time were just beginning to show that good results could be obtained through organization, and their development was being bitterly opposed by industrial proprietors. It became the practice for employers to force their workmen to have no connection with labor unions under penalty of banishment from their only field of livelihood. To offset this, the Kansas legislature (and the legislatures of thirteen other States) had made it a criminal offense for any employer to require his employees not to become or remain a member of any union during the time of his employment. The validity of this statute was now questioned by an employer whose officious dealings had brought him under its ban. Justice Hughes argued strenuously that the Act was a valid exercise of the police power of Kansas, and should not be overthrown merely because it deprived industrial magnates of the privilege of dictating terms.

Justice Taft had similar problems to solve a few years later. On the question of protecting women workers, he took the same sympathetic view that Justice Hughes had taken. He dissented from the majority opinion which forbade Congress, acting as a State legislature for the District of Columbia only, to fix minimum wages for women. But, oddly enough, his liberalism stopped there. Congress had also enacted a national law placing a heavy tax on the products of child labor, in the hope of discouraging the evils of child labor. When this statute came before the Supreme Court, Taft led his colleagues in holding it unconstitutional. It was not, he said, within the power of Congress to invade a field which was the legitimate subject of State legislation. He thus gave a political rather than an economic reason for the court's failure to uphold such a desirable piece of social legislation. But, as the dissenting judges pointed out, the Commerce Clause of the Constitution had enabled Congress to make successful police regulations in moral matters — witness the Narcotic Act and the White Slave Act — and there was no reason why a regulation having humane economic consequences should be beyond its power.

THAT Justice Hughes is imbued with a spirit of democracy is brought out in several cases in which property disputes were only incidental. Consider the instances of unfair treatment of the Negro in the South, and of Mexican laborers in Arizona. Arizona, in 1914, limited by law the percentage of aliens that could be hired to do work in that State, in the face of the constitutional provision securing the equal protection of the laws to all persons, citizens and aliens alike. Justice Hughes wasted little time in voiding the restriction. Practically all the Southern States had "Grandfather Clauses" in their state Constitutions,

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which required voters to possess either property or an ancestor who was entitled to vote at the close of the Civil War. This operated to prevent Negroes from voting. The Supreme Court, Hughes concurring, annulled the Oklahoma provision in 1915, and with it went the others. When Alabama authorities imprisoned a Negro farm hand because he owed money to an employer for whom he refused to work, Justice Hughes promptly threw out the law under which the Negro had been jailed, on the ground that it was a violation of the Thirteenth Amendment, directly protecting all persons against involuntary servitude. And when, in the celebrated Leo Frank case, the majority of the court approved the Georgia mock trial, in which Frank had been hurried to conviction and death sentence under the pressure of a mob bent on lynching him, Justice Hughes dissented vigorously, and voted to send the case back to the Georgia court with instructions to give the condemned man a new and fair trial.

In view of the present confusion concerning the Bill of Rights, occasioned by the determination of the Taft court to enforce the National Prohibition Law at all costs, it is pleasing to recall that Justice Hughes was always mindful of those great guarantees of personal liberty. Whenever the Bill of Rights was involved while he was on the bench, he saw that it got a fair deal. When a defendant in a criminal suit objected that he had been convicted on the strength of private papers seized without warrant, Hughes voted to reverse the conviction. When parties accused of committing unlawful acts in California, where they could not be reached, were put on trial in the District of Columbia for "conspiracy" to commit the crime, even though none of them had ever stepped out of California, Hughes dissented from the majority judges, who saw their way clear to impose upon the defendants a "constructive presence" in the District of Columbia. And it should not be forgotten that Justice Hughes, in private life once more after the war, denounced the flagrant violations of the Bill of Rights committed by federal officials in the Red-chasing campaigns of Attorney Generals Palmer and Daugherty.

Mindful ever of the relation between law and the social and economic needs of a great democracy, mindful of public sentiment and of the common man's sense of decency and fair play, Justice Hughes, we may feel sure, will now bring to the court a more even balance between conservative and liberal forces than it has recently had. The task before him is not an easy one. The political and economic predilections of judges are not readily changed, even by the efforts of an open-minded leader. And the precedent that has piled up in his absence from the bench is not to be lightly overthrown, even by liberal judges. But at least the country can be satisfied that the guiding hand of the future Supreme Court is that of a judge who knows and reveres the Constitution as it was, and as it was meant to be.

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Sam Houston's Secret

By P. W. Wilson

Interpreting one of the most romantic mysteries in American history

To while away the terrors of an Arabian Night, Scheherazade devised a thousand tales of mystery and romance; and in the centuries that have elapsed since that empress of the imagination reigned supreme over the fascinated mind of her lord and master, it has been our custom to assume that anyone who wishes to be mesmerized by wonders and legends must be received at the courts of kings and queens, peer into secret passages, concealed cabinets and ominous oubliettes, and allow himself to scent the faint yet ferocious fragrance of oriental poisons. The idea that such romance, such mystery may have determined, let us say, the humdrum destinies of Texas and Tennessee — nay, of the United States herself — does not enter into our calculations. Is there not here a Government of the people, by the people, for the people? Is there not a Constitution, interpreted by a Supreme Court? What has the impulse of passion, the uncontrollable surge of sudden emotion, what have love, intrigue, jealousy, to do with a reign of law, thus orderly, thus public, thus democratic?

Sam Houston of Texas — a dozen times has he been described in biography. There is not one event of his life which is not in our histories. We know everything that happened, and yet — and yet — what *do* we know? We tell the truth — just so — but, as we tell it, the truth eludes us. Read everything that has been written about Sam Houston, and you will find that to this day, his secret has remained intact.

For beneath the virtues and vagaries of the Main Street amid which Sam Houston lived his life, there seems to have been some deep and unfathomed tragedy, stirring the very springs of that passion, that pain which floods the human heart. Look at him as he might be seen one day, just a hundred years ago. He was a man who had never set eyes on the gondolas of moonlit Venice or the seething bazaars of Bagdad. Tall, lithe and handsome, he is pacing a deck that is merely the prosaic deck of the steamer, *Red Rover*, plying on the Cumberland River. Passengers doubtless glanced at him; they had reason so to do. But not one of them suspected the storm that was

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raging in Sam Houston's tumultuous breast. With his trained military tread, to and fro, he marched — to and fro, deciding in his mind whether, after all, it would not be best to jump overboard and end the matter, when suddenly from the forest, an eagle swooped over the ship, soared again to the sky, and left Sam, muttering to himself. "A great destiny," said he, quietly, "awaits me in the West"; and he decided that, after all, he would postpone his suicide.

The question is thus simple — what was it that had driven Sam Houston to such an extreme of desperation? He was a strong man. He was an able man. He was an ambitious man. Until recently he had been a successful man. What went wrong?

LET us begin by telling what every schoolboy knows already about the founder of Texas. At the dawn of the Nineteenth Century, Knoxville, then the capital of Tennessee, was still a village, struggling to prosperity on the frontier of the western spaces beyond. Among other settlers, there arrived one day a widow from Virginia, migrating with her brood of children in a wagon, drawn by a five-horse team. Her beliefs and her blood were Presbyterian, and one of her sons was this boy, Sam.

He was a boy with an individuality, and among the courageous acts recorded of him, was his insistence on reading the *Iliad* of Homer. They were days, moreover, when to play Red Indian was no game but a reality, and this youth would be found a truant among the Cherokees. Indeed, he was adopted as a son by the Cherokee chieftain, Oo-loo-te-ka, and received the name, Co-lon-neh, signifying the Raven. If Sam had lived today, it would have been recorded of him that he was an excellent Scout.

IN HIS more civilized moods, Sam did a bit of teaching and then, at the age of twenty, enlisted in the army, fighting under Andrew Jackson at the Battle of Tallapoosa. There his Indian friends, happening to be foes, smote him with a barbed arrow. Peremptorily, he ordered a comrade to yank out the missile, and, in consequence, all but died from the loss of blood. In the British Army, he would have been awarded, doubtless, the Victoria Cross.

Sam's service in the army continued, and his immense force of character began to be apparent. He was employed in various negotiations with the Indians, had a little misunderstanding with the authorities at Washington over the smuggling of Africans through Spanish Florida, and so resigned his commission, after which strenuous adventures, he decided to settle down.

His liabilities were debts and the wound, his asset was the friendship, the respect of Andrew Jackson, and so burdened, so encouraged, he took up law. Owing to Jackson's influence in Tennessee, he was chosen to be a district attorney, then elected to Congress, and in 1827, on a vacancy occurring, he became Governor of Tennessee. The vote was 44,426 to 33,410, and it looked as if Sam, popular and successful, was heading straight for the White House. "He has the brightest future," said Andrew Jackson, "of any man I know."

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Sam was then a man of thirty-five years. But he was still a bachelor and, for one already of Presidential timber, this was a disadvantage. "It may be," he wrote, "that I shall splice myself with a rib." A marriage, therefore, was arranged and duly celebrated. Eliza, daughter of Colonel John Allen of Gallatin in Tennessee, became the bride of Samuel Houston, the Governor. It was regarded as an admirable match. She was of excellent family and no less admirable were his position and his prospects. There was a somewhat hurried honeymoon, with the usual housekeeping to follow. So far as Tennessee was able to observe the situation, there was nothing to be noted.

He was an excellent Governor and he decided to stand for a second term. He was to have no walk-over but everything pointed to a fight which, if hard, would be victorious. Into that fight, Sam plunged. Around him, there rallied his supporters. Against him, there were mobilized his opponents.

THEN, like a bolt from the blue, the blow fell which drove Sam Houston to the verge of the abyss of despair. Tennessee was thunderstruck to learn that the Governor had resigned. His announcement offered no explanation and indicated that no explanation could be offered. But the news rapidly spread that, after a couple of months of married life, the bride, distressed and humiliated, had fled from her husband and sought refuge with her family.

At once, the populace jumped to the conclusion that the girl had suffered some grievous wrong, and if ever there were a villain of the piece, it seemed to be Sam Houston. Against the Governor, the community rose in its wrath, they burned him in effigy and, with but a few hours' delay, he left it all behind and escaped for his life beyond reach of Tennessee tongues, horsewhips, shotguns and pistols.

THIS was the moment when we see him aboard the *Red Rover*, pacing the deck like a trapped animal, his mind seething with thoughts of suicide. The soldier of proved audacity was fleeing like a fugitive from the scene of his influence and authority. It looked as if "the brightest future of any man" in the United States had been obliterated by a cloud of an inexplicable calamity.

He rejoined his Indian friends. He adopted their costume. He shared his wigwam with one of their women. He made his way into the Southwest and then, as the eagle had foretold, the new future began to develop. For Sam Houston, acting on his own initiative, led an army against Mexico, defeated the Mexican President, General Santa Anna, at the Battle of San Jacinto, organized the Lone Star State of Texas of which he himself was President, and finally added to the United States a territory of greater area than the Austro-Hungarian Empire, with Italy included, and also Switzerland. Shaggy and unkempt, he returned to Washington as Senator, was strongly mentioned for President, and dying, left behind him a name — perpetuated in the city of Houston — which today is a household word in America and, indeed, known throughout the world. It was at Houston, Texas, that for the first time a Roman

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Catholic was, in due course, to be nominated as a candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

Here, then, was a man who, in terms of Europe, would be called an Empire builder. He was a man who, by sheer force of an indomitable will, changed the map of the world and made the difference between peace and war. Yet, in the very prime of life, his career had been switched from the upgrade to the downgrade, and he had been plunged into what, at that time, was held to be irretrievable ruin. No Eve tempting her Adam, no Jezebel luring her Ahab, no Cleopatra betwitching her Antony, no Helen eloping with her Paris, has added to human annals a drama more compelling than this story of what a young woman of Tennessee did to a baffled bridegroom.

Now, if Robert Browning were still alive, this would be the kind of drama around which he would weave a *Ring and the Book*, and he would begin, surely, by building up the case against Sam Houston. After all, it is a plausible case. Here was Eliza Allen, with her great blue eyes and her golden hair, who had spent her eighteen years in a sheltered home. On this quiet, modest girl, living so demurely among the neighbors of Gallatin, there descended the huge Governor of Tennessee, standing six feet six inches in height, handsome, determined, ardent. "Two classes of people," said a lady of the period, "pursued Houston all his life — poets and ladies"; and yet, said Eliza to herself, he leaves Nashville behind him and rides a whole hour over the rough roads in order to visit "poor little me." The family approved the match, and one evening when the woods were aflame with autumnal tints, the eloquence which could move the Capitol, the law courts, and the crowds, swept Eliza clean off her feet and into her captor's arms. Too late did she learn what manner of man he really was. There was not a moment to be lost, and trembling, she made her dash for freedom and safety.

That is the indictment against Houston. It was the indictment that, apparently, he dared not face; it was the indictment which, unanswered, aroused Tennessee to paroxysms of indignation; and manifestly there was a good deal of circumstantial evidence to support it.

Sherlock Holmes is a detective who has proved to be immune to his own deaths, however violent, and we can imagine him nosing around Tennessee, picking up a clue here, a clue there, and so applying his deductions to the curious case of Sam Houston. Naturally, he visits the brick court house of Gallatin, disturbs the dust of a certain dark and neglected closet, and with blackened fingers examines the files of licenses and returns of marriages. He turns over the faded papers, once, twice, thrice; replaces the bundle, knits his brows. Was not a ceremony, purporting to be Sam's wedding with Eliza, duly performed on January 22, 1829, by the Rev. William Hume, Presbyterian, of Nashville, Tennessee? Surely. A hundred people saw it. Ten thousand read of it in the newspaper. Yet, in the little Court House, there appears to be a due

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record of other weddings in Gallatin, but of this, the most fashionable of them all, not a word. *The legal certification has vanished.*

The researches of Sherlock Holmes continue. Here is a portrait of Samuel Houston. In *The Encyclopædia Americana*, a full page is devoted to the picture, and the great detective studies it. What does he perceive? On Houston's little finger he is wearing a signet ring, in which is set a stone. But what is this plain gold band that we see on the finger next to it? In size, it is a man's ring. But in simplicity, it is matrimonial. Is it true that Sam wore it to his dying day? *Is it true that, before he met Eliza, proposed to Eliza, married Eliza, that ring was on his finger, a bond from which he could not escape?*

ON THESE facts, what would be the deductions of the great detective? Would he not envisage Sam Houston's turbulent youth? Would he not emphasize the statement that, wherever he went, he was "pursued by poets and ladies?" How easy for this favorite of the fair sex to be entangled in what melodrama has called "a fatal wedding!" How tremendous the temptation, just before a gubernatorial contest, to forget the already forgotten affair of long ago! Then, the disclosure, the threat of the law, the flight, the acceptance of disgrace, the destruction of matrimonial documents that never had been worth the paper on which they were inscribed! Finally, we have this rake living, legally unmarried, with an Indian woman, Tiana Rogers, who bore him a family of children.

That Sherlock Holmes, with his clues, is clever, all of us will be prepared to admit. The question is, however, whether cleverness, tested as history, carries conviction. Take the plain gold ring. Undoubtedly, it is significant — very significant indeed. But has Sherlock Holmes rightly interpreted its significance? Certainly, it was worn on the third or marriage finger. But we notice that it was also worn on the right, not the left, hand. It looked like a wedding ring, but was it? It would have been, surely, a strange lapse of shrewdness on the part of a scheming politician, proposing to consummate an illegal and, indeed, a criminal marriage, if he had flaunted before the world, including the bride and her family, so manifest a proof of his earlier embarrassment.

Again, is it quite certain that Sam Houston abstracted and destroyed the record of his marriage with Eliza Allen? Is there not some other fact that may explain this strange omission from the archives of Gallatin? Years after his flight from Tennessee and his separation from his wife *Houston divorced Eliza.* The divorce was opposed and fully argued and it was for these proceedings doubtless, that the marriage certificate had to be produced. Apparently, it was not returned to the Court House of Gallatin.

DURING those proceedings for divorce, there was no suggestion that Sam's marriage with Eliza was other than valid. No critics could have been more acrid than Sam's, yet never did they suggest that he had attempted the offense of bigamy. The very fact that, during the period of his legal marriage with Eliza,

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he did not undergo a formal ceremony of marriage with his Indian spouse, Tiana Rogers, suggests that he was aware of his position under the law. Indeed, the reason that he gives for the divorce is that, without it, "legal impediments lay in the way of my union with any lady." So much for that.

With Sherlock Holmes dismissed from the scene, we take it for granted that the wedding of Sam and Eliza was entirely in order. But this clearance of the evidence only deepens the subsequent mystery. Why did the marriage break down? What was this that Sam was wearing that caused him such lifelong trouble? One theory is that the entire business was exaggerated. In the Allen family, the accepted tradition, as recorded, seems to be that the domestic catastrophe was due to the usual reason, called incompatibility. A brother of Eliza, Judge Benjamin F. Allen, was actually living in the year 1908, and he wrote:

> There was no mystery or romance about the separation. Like many other married couples, they were not congenial.

Eliza was "very much attached" to her Sam but could not put up with his jealousy and want of refinement.

IT HAS to be made clear that Judge Allen was only three years old when his sister separated from her husband and that it was seventy-nine years later that he jotted down his impressions. Was it merely a tiff of jealousy, was it merely Sam's rough wooing, that drove this simple innocent girl, who was really much attached to him, into an ostentatious desertion of her husband, at the very crisis of his public career, so driving him out of polite society into the ostracism of an Indian wigwam? After all, that was not a lover's quarrel. It was an assassination, and a girl who thus ruins a man's life has to give reasons. For political as for corporal homicide, the only valid excuse is self-defense, and Eliza has yet to show that self-defense was her pretext.

WAS Sam such a villain? His grave and dignified letters do not suggest it, and, significant to relate, Eliza herself — his quivering victim — does not seem to have thought it. This quiet, inscrutable girl who fled so hastily from a husband who, whatever his faults, worshipped the ground on which she trod, found soon enough that life was lonely without him. In due course, we see her pacing the garden and begging her family to bring him back again. It is quite true that, in his loneliness, Sam turned to Tiana Rogers, his Indian girl. But it is also true that his union with Tiana, though irregular, was loyally observed on both sides. After Tiana's death, and after his divorce from Eliza, the alleged brute — then a man of forty-seven years — felt free to go to Marion, Alabama, and seek the hand of a gracious young girl, called Margaret Lea. "He has won my heart," said she, of the hero of San Jacinto, and no one could argue over that. With the husband whom Eliza Allen found to be a monster, Margaret Lea, as his second legal wife, lived happily ever after. To complete the story, one may add that Eliza, also using her liberty, accepted the hand of a rich planter and so found consolation.

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On these facts, it seems as if Sam had been as much sinned against as sinning, and yet it must be confessed that to those who would defend him, he does not offer much assistance. To his dying day, Houston refused absolutely to utter one single word, whether in public or in private, that would really explain that sudden disaster to his fortunes. So impenetrable was his secrecy that years after the event, it stood every test, however exacting.

On May 9, 1840, the community of Marion, Alabama, was in something of a flutter. At the residence of the Lea family, a band was playing and guests were arriving. It happened to be the day of Sam's marriage with the fair Margaret. To the fifty-ninth minute of the eleventh hour, Margaret's kinsfolk had their doubts as to the wisdom of the match. How could Margaret entrust her future to a man so much older than herself, a rover of Houston's record? The marriage — they said — would not last six months, and as a last effort to save the girl from her fate, a relative of the bride, with the minister actually waiting, accosted the bridegroom with an ultimatum. Unless his separation with Eliza Allen were satisfactorily explained, said this emissary, the wedding would not proceed. To this ultimatum, Houston replied haughtily, "I have nothing to add to what I have already said. If you insist that I shall speak, call your fiddlers off."

It is true that the family accepted the situation, that the fiddlers went on fiddling, and that Beauty was wed to the Beast. Yet the fact remains that, threatened with a second scandal, the loss of a second bride, the endurance of a second and intensified humiliation, General Houston refused to disclose his secret even by a syllable. What was it that tied his tongue? The fact of the ring? But how could a ring exercise such a spell over his tongue?

With mere reticence, indeed, he did not rest satisfied. It was not only that, by maintaining silence, he refrained from defending himself. He pushed things to a further extreme. Never under any circumstances, would he permit so much as a suggestion of a hint to be uttered in his hearing against his first wife, Eliza. On rare occasions his friends would be so indiscreet as to forget his feelings and pass some comment on the past. They did not make the mistake a second time. "Whoever dares say a word against Eliza," declared Sam, on such an occasion, "shall pay for it."

Is it any wonder then, that, after a whole century of speculation, this romantic riddle is still unread? She loved him not, yet she loved him. He longed for her, yet would not have her. What we have to unravel is no crude plot, leading to guilty or not guilty, but a complicated tangle of torn heartstrings, a rent fabric of love that failed, so sensitive even to a trembling touch that it turns to sheer torture. Let us tell the story, then, in our own way and, in the telling, unfold one of the most subtle series of human mishaps to be found whether in fact or fiction.

Shy and sheltered, yet proud of her "quality," the maiden, Eliza Allen of Gallatin, wakes up one morning to find that her betrothal to this great

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big boy of a Sam Houston is no dream, not even a nightmare, but a promise to marry. Proud of her man? Of course, she is proud of him! Why not? Is he not a giant in stature? Is not his brain as big as his body? Do not his lips flow with eloquence? Is not the unhealed wound on his shoulder ever to be tended by gentle hands as the glorious record of an imperishable patriotism?

Yet even her Sam must not suppose that he was his Eliza's only suitor. No, no, she was a débutante of the aristocracy, and at dances she stood in no need of partners. To Sam, she had surrendered; but Sam, had he not been so happy, might have suffered a twinge of jealousy. However, he was to take his Eliza, not only for better or worse. He took her also for granted, and could not imagine a world without her. If she was a little silent, how did that detract from her unexplored loveliness? It enhanced her with the charm of a shrine.

So the day of days approached and needles plied silken threads through seams of satin. But amid the cake and comfits, did it not dawn on Eliza's mind that all kinds of affairs were beginning to develop around her own personal drama of domestic happiness? Did not this quiet girl in her teens think that it might be time to put two and two together? And do not two and two sometimes add up to five?

In the wicked old world of Europe, princesses are brought up under the idea that it will be their fate to be married by treaty and sacrificed to the superior ends of diplomacy. But in the State of Tennessee, who would dare to suggest that the altar of Hymen was merely an anvil on which broken hearts were to be welded by the hammer of politics? Such a notion had seemed to be unthinkable and yet — and yet — there were whispers. "Are you quite sure, my dear, that Sam Houston is really marrying you for your own sake?" Yes, she was quite sure. The dignified old dowagers smiled. Eliza Allen would see.

While Eliza was studying her Sam, and at intervals — when a change of thought was refreshing — pitying Sam's rival, everybody else was talking politics. Doubtless, the politics of Tennessee were no more than a storm in a teacup, but, after all, it was the ladies, including Eliza, whose soft fingers poured out the tea. The big people in the State, as everybody knew — the people who for years has been running things — were the Carrolls, and William Carroll had been Andrew Jackson's right-hand man. For three terms, he had been Governor of Tennessee, and the only reason why he was not a governor for a fourth term had been the law, which did not permit it. This was the reason, the only reason, why Sam had been chosen to provide a kind of legal interregnum. It was a mere formality and, in due course, Carroll would return to the office and hold it again for as long a period as, once more, the law permitted. While Houston strolled with Eliza through the autumnal woods, this was, officially, the prospect.

For Sam's bright future, such a prospect may not have been too flattering. He was merely the warm-

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ing pan for better people than himself. But at least, it meant that Sam was Sam and that Eliza was Eliza, each dependent on the other alone, neither calculating chances and indulging in ambitions. As long as Sam had to face retirement, love could be supreme.

But with the betrothal announced, there began to be rumors. Would this man, Houston, retire as expected in favor of the Carrolls? Was he not preparing, on the contrary, to double cross the Carrolls? Had not Andrew Jackson himself thrown over the Carrolls, in order to back Sam Houston? In the camp of the Carrolls, Sam began to be suspected as the traitor, meditating the ultimate crime of politics — a split in the machine.

THE Allens and the Carrolls may have had different ideas of the governorship, but they belonged to the same caste, and Eliza could not but hear all sides. "Of course, my dear, I do not want to wound your feelings but I must say that Governor Houston . . ." such was the vitriol distilled on her withering orange blossoms. She who had supposed herself to be queen of the chess board, standing by her king, discovered that, with the king in check, she was merely an intercepting pawn. What hurt her most was their pity — their exaggeration of the snake in the grass into a boa constrictor, waiting to gobble her up. Like Andromeda, she would not have objected to the excitement of being rescued. Chained near her dragon, she found it chilly.

On the very eve of her wedding, the stroke fell. The press hinted that at the next election Governor Houston would be a candidate. At least, so she pouted, Sam's rival would never have treated their honeymoon as an astute move in a political campaign. Her grave, sad demeanor let it be known that Sam had given her reason to be upset, and it was as a martyr to her pledges that, with downcast eyes, Andromeda glided passively to the altar. Her hands trembled and that night she and her Sam rested apart.

A day or two later, there was snow on the ground. A couple of merry girls were pelting the Governor and someone suggested to Eliza that she go to his assistance. "I wish," said she, "they would kill him. Yes, I wish it from the bottom of my heart." Such was the mood of one, forty-eight hours a bride! How could he have the temerity to be snowballing before breakfast! The unfeeling wretch! "I love him because I hate him," said she of her Chocolate Soldier, "and I hate him because I love him."

TO THE Governor, Eliza was an absolute possession. True, her value was above all price. But, though priceless, she was his alone. There might be kingdoms still to conquer, but there must be no king save Sam Houston. His career to be considered? But his career was her career. If she was an advantage to him, what of it? Their advantages were pooled — "by just exchange the one to the other gives."

Around the Governor's mansion there raged furiously the subterranean roar of suppressed intrigue. To Sam, it was obvious that Eliza must listen alone to his side of the

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business. But the very walls were a whispering gallery, and Eliza, so quiet, kept on saying to herself that Sam's rival would never have exposed her to all this unpleasantness. Toward Sam, her countenance was correct, her demeanor calm. He was very much occupied and decided against hurrying her. He had won every battle he had fought. In due time, he would win Eliza.

HOUR by hour, the electricity accumulated. Sam's candidature was admitted and announced. What did he care if she approved or not? He took her approval, as he had taken herself — for granted. Then, one gray day, a terrific flash of lightning burst from the clouds. In an instant, it was over. But it left them both blinded and sundered forever. Did he surprise her reading letters? So runs the legend. Certainly he demanded loyalty, and, at the very suggestion, she was transformed to flame. Loyalty! Who was he to insinuate that she had been disloyal?

Years later he assured his Margaret that he never did insinuate it, but of what use was that? It was not his words but her understanding of them that mattered. If, to him, loyalty meant politics, to her loyalty meant reputation, and she it was who spread the slander that he so vehemently repudiated. Andromeda was now petrified to marble and Sam's protestations on his knees, his appeal to her father, neither moved nor warmed the statue of injured innocence. She flaunted in his face her interrupted love, if it really deserved the name of love, for another; heartbroken he left her that evening in her room; returning later, he discovered to his horror that she had gathered up a few things and slipped away in the darkness.

The Carrolls had triumphed and they made sure of the fruits of their victory. They saw to it that no reconciliation should be possible. Pawn or queen, they had captured the decisive piece on the chessboard and such a move must be checkmate.

It was stunned by this blow that Houston staggered away from Tennessee, so tragic a spectacle of unutterable agony. Why did he not speak? Why did he not defend himself? How could he speak without admitting that he was charged with slandering the girl? He might have repudiated the charge with all his energy. But there would still have been those who would have said that such a thing is only hinted when there are reasons for the hint, and at the merest suggestion of that kind, Sam's ring seemed to tighten around his finger.

WHY did he not return to Eliza when she wanted him? Well, he did return! There are pathetic rumors of his quixotic devotion to his young wife, how one day a tall man in disguise asked to see her, was recognized at once, but talked as strangers talk, only feasting his hungry eyes on her face.

Think of his feelings as he sat with her in the parlor! One word of forgiveness from her lips would have thrown him once more to his knees. But she would not say the word. She recognized him. He knew that he was identified. Yet with grave courtesy she held out her hand, a cool hand, and as he said

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good-bye, it was the last time that he touched her.

Still was he hungry for a sight of her. One day an old slave, making some excuse, asked her to come to his patch of garden. As she stood there talking to the negro, it never occurred to her that the man had been bribed by Sam Houston — still less, that in the slave's cabin, hard by, Sam was lying concealed in order that he might see her and hear her voice. Never again were they together.

If only she had responded to his appeal! But when she had come to appreciate his worth, and wanted him back, it was too late. He had let her see him face to face. She had let him leave her. If she would not return to him without conditions, he declined to negotiate for her through her embittered family.

That he quailed under the ordeal, is only too probable. Few men, if any, have ever endured a test of chivalry, thus prolonged. But through all his trials, there was that bond on his finger which seemed at times to burn to the very bone. What was this ring, inseparable from his life, which seemed to fetter his very speech? Who had given him the ring — lest he forget — lest he forget? It was a woman.

Eliza Allen, with her blue eyes, Tiana Rogers, with her dark skin and soft subservient speech, and Margaret Lea, with her glorious faith in him — they were not the only women in his life. There was a fourth — the woman whose blood ran in his veins, to whose eyes, at the dawn of life, his own had awakened in amazement, by whose hand his steps had been guided — the mother who bore him. She it was whose unconquerable will had bound that gold circlet around his very being until it became, for him, the horizon beyond which, however far he travelled, he could never escape. It was a ring with a secret — a deep and a rare secret — engraven within it like a talisman — the essential password to a mother's proud heart. On the day when, as a young man, Sam had left his home for the wars, this woman, nurse of a hero, had shown him the secret word within the ring and had pressed the ring on his finger. "If" she had said, "you ever forget that word, do not darken my doorstep again"; and never did he forget it.

In battle, the word flamed before his eyes. In administration, the word shone from documents on his desk. Among the Indians, the word was his bond. Love itself might rend his heart, but the word was still legible in his character and conduct. When he strode, to and fro, on that boat, the *Red Rover*, meditating suicide, all was lost except the word in the ring — all was lost save honor.

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One Grasshopper's Burden

By Marion Grubb

Being excerpts from a Public School Teacher's Diary

September 2

I was born a grasshopper; but the malice of circumstances has made me a teacher in the public schools, where ants are the chosen people, and grasshoppers survive only by evolution ant-ward. I can feel myself growing every day more solemn, more efficient, more absorbed in carrying grains of sand long distances. Pretty soon nobody, not even a professor of pedagogy from a teachers' college, will be able to find anything in me that is not authentic ant.

Tomorrow I begin work in another public school — a junior high school. I have seen it. There are brick walks in a pattern around a flagstaff and a fountain, and dreadful geometrical flower beds that look like chromo-lithographs. My classroom frankly terrifies me; it looks like the office of a fat man with an elk's tooth on his watch chain. There is a yellow oak desk in a yellow oak room, with yellow oak filing cabinets. The desk chair is too tall, and the desk top is too wide. What will become of me if I have to sit at that desk in that room making little notes on little cards? My brains are getting fuzzy already.

I am to have six classes a day of second year English — six hours of saying the same words over and over! I may not choose my own texts or my own methods; I must use the city plans, carefully arranged so that a supervisor may know to a sentence what each teacher is doing every hour of the day. The first text listed is *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, and I must talk about it six times a day, for an hour at a time! There are workmen in Ford's factories who put in bolt number 21 all day long and every day. I am told that in time they come to prefer that to less monotonous tasks. Shall I ever, I wonder, come to prefer chromo-lithographic flower beds to real roses and tiger lilies?

November 20

Our factories for dehumanization are doing a thorough job. Why doesn't some expressionist write a play about the school machine? If he really knew what he was talking about, it would equal the *R. U. R.* and the *Adding Machine* in cold ferocity. A child was burned to death last month; the teacher went on calling his name from her roll for weeks before she knew. Another child got into a difficulty with a hall monitor:

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he would not answer when reproved. The monitor took him to the school office. The child was still dumb, and the situation seemed serious, when the little fellow wrote on a slip of paper, "Send for Mr. McAllister." They marvelled, but they sent for the principal. He told me about it. "As soon as I came in," he said, "the boy could talk. You see the little chap stutters, and when he is frightened, he can't say a word. I happen to like Jimmy and he — well, he's rather fond of me." Mr. McAllister seems to be the only man in the school who is not machine-made.

ANOTHER time a youngster was haled into the principal's office for grinning in class. Nobody knew, it seems, that he had facial paralysis. When one of the teachers, a fine, useful woman, died, the official bulletin read: "No Glee Club practice this morning. Miss Blank is dead." Telephone for a substitute; don't let the machinery stop. No cog is important enough to waste an hour upon. Standardization is the thing. You can't be standardized and human. Forget it! Put in bolt number 21.

Names and numbers, names and numbers, tests, scores, totals; personality condensed to a note on a filing card. "The greatest system of public schools in the world, the biggest and best!"

A few years more of it, and I shall go mad. I can not take any of it seriously: all these names, numbers, cards, are like some stupid indoor game devised by a humorless parent for a not-too-clever child.

I have asked for a change of work. Mr. McAllister, the principal, is young enough to be willing to experiment. He has agreed to let me have ten classes of composition twice a week. I have a notion that he thinks me mad as a hatter for wanting to increase the difficulty of my task. Nobody else, it appears, has *ever* asked for composition. No matter. It is a live subject. Even a cast-iron curriculum and State-furnished text-books can not quite kill it. And I like it. I like to read themes; they do not bore me. I shall like industrial boys, too; they will have something to say for themselves. I shall learn to know them, make friends with them, I hope. There, I am actually *happy* at the prospect of reading a hundred and fifty blotted and ill-spelled themes a day.

December 10

I HAVE made a genuine discovery. Teaching composition to boys is great fun. I am getting from it, too, some vicarious living — little-boy living, full of romance and adventure. These youngsters are all Robinson Crusoes. They are creating their world out of the most unpromising materials. Those who think that English composition is an academic subject only distantly related to life should see these boys planning and executing their themes. English composition may be, I believe, the most useful, the most cultural course in the school programme; it has tentacles that reach out into every corner of life. It's a responsibility for the teacher, but great fun. I'm glad I found it.

January 8

Of all the squirming, riotous youngsters I try to teach, Billy

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Boyle, a stocky little chap with a head like a copper kettle, is my favorite. I have a genuine affection for every freckle on his round, snub-nosed face.

It is not because he is good that I love him. Hot water is his native element. Only last week he was paddled by the principal for having played truant the day before. He had "snuck out" the back door of the gymnasium, it seems, walked down the river-bank to the car-line and "snuck in" to see Tom Mix. He informed me he had played truant; but he told me in a composition, and I never betray composition confidences.

THAT had been a wonderful movie; Tom Mix had gone hand-over-hand across a deep ravine on a "teeny little rope no bigger than a clothes line." The principal had caught Billy at the movies and paddled him later, but the show had been worth it. The next week Billy was absent. Felix Kaminsky told me he had broken his arm: "You know that day he got paddled for playin' hook' an' goin' to the show? Well, him an' me thought we'd like to do what Tom Mix done. We copped our mothers' clothes-lines an' took 'em up to Buttermilk Falls. We tied 'em together tight, an' lashed one end to a tree, an' then we waded across the river an' tied the other end to a good-sized tree over there. The rope was good an' tight, but I was afraid to try when I saw how rocky that crick was; the water was low. Billy, he'll try anything. He was 'most half-way 'cross when the rope come in two, an' he fell on them rocks. That's how he broke his arm."

Billy is no student. His themes are usually late and always blotted. He dreams over *Monte Cristo* when he should be doing algebra. Instead of making a graph for civics, he writes lists of colorful names from tales of adventure or from the movies. He doesn't mind if I look over his shoulder in study-hour (we are great friends), and I sometimes see in florid capitals a page like this:

DEAD MAN'S ISLAND
THE MAN IN THE RED MASK
THE RED MESA
BAR X RANCH
ALI, THE MYSTERY DOG
FOUND IN A SEA-CHEST
THE GOLDEN SNAKE
PIRATE HOARDS

NOT one of Billy's books is clean, although he uses them little. All his English texts (school property) are illustrated with india-ink drawings made in "Mechanical." One day I borrowed his copy of *The Lady of the Lake* and opened it at the Loch Katrine passage. Below, a small boat was putting out from a willow-grown shore. There were shields, swords, coats-of-arms, scattered up and down the margins. All this interest, and yet Billy never by any chance has a good lesson; he's always behind or away on before; the lesson for the day offers no attraction. Never was there such an exasperating little boy. Why do I love him? He is mischievous and idle; he is unpunctual and disorderly. He is almost a horrible example; and yet, because he is a rebel and a romantic, because the ideal will always be real to him, because he is just the kind of child I

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used to be, I love him. I hope *he* will never evolve into an ant.

January 26

I AM always delighted to meet my forty-two irrepressible industrials at the third period. We keep the door "tight shut" to avoid shocking the less lively. Yesterday fat Dan Schnabel was on his feet as soon as I opened the door:

"Kin I tell about the skunk family me'n Jim found last night? A grown-up skunk and a whole parcel of little ones tip-toeing across the road as *cute!*"

"I went to court last week to be a witness. Wouldn't you like me to tell about it? I was some scared when that cop took my name." This from Mike.

"*Lemme* tell about the dead man we found in the old stone quarry. Only his boots sticking out o' them leaves, and when me'n Jack —"

"There, boys; that will *do*. Pass up your papers."

The tumult subsided only a little, while clumsy, dirty fingers salvaged papers from over-flowing note-books. It began again as they sent their papers along the line:

"Huh, *you* got no *margin!*"

"Take that *back* and put your name on it, dumb-bell."

"Look at that big blot! *She* won't have no blots."

Meanwhile I was finding the place in my book. I was going to read them *The Mountain Whippoorwill*. There was hardly a sound while I was reading — only smiles, eager eyes, an occasional indrawn breath. Lanky William's fiery head kept time to the fiddle. Stephen Cazellag, the fair-haired Hungarian boy who plays his 'cello in a movie orchestra, smiled a little far-away smile, and his delicate fingers moved absently on his desk. When I had finished reading, there was a short pause; then big Barry Mahoney burst out:

"Is that the same feller that wrote *The Hemp?* He kin *write*, believe me!"

"Did you bring those pirate pictures from *The New York World*, Miss Grubb? You said *I* could have 'em, didn't you?" Mike grinned at Isadore.

"And the Belgian stamps: *they're* mine!" Isadore put out a red tongue.

"I have enough for both, and some French stamps. Tell me your adventures of the week, and we'll get ready to write them."

"Lemme write about the second pirate."

"My uncle had a upset with his milk-wagon this morning, and I helped him. A motor-bus hit him an' knocked him over in the snow."

"Two-three of us went muskrat huntin' Wednesday. We're curing the skins."

"My brother shot a deer up beyond Shaffer's ice-dam. Lemme tell about a deer-drive."

"Jim and me rode ice-blocks all down the creek. We had poles —"

THERE was a knock at the door. "Miss Grubb, will you please send to the office all the Sixes who have not been examined by Dr. Thurston? — fifteen at a time, please."

"We had poles — "

"Certainly. Go, boys — first fifteen."

They went out, shuffling, pushing, muttering. Fat Dan Schnabel's protest was a stage whisper: "Oh, *hell!*"

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That's the sort of interruption that is constantly occurring, an interruption caused by organization. We must have tooth clinics, eye clinics; we must have movies to show the use of the toothbrush. We must write themes suggested for us by the American Legion, the Anti-Saloon League, the Red Cross, the Chamber of Commerce, themes utterly valueless because the subjects do not link up with the children's own lives. All this is in the name of progress. The teacher who protests is not a patriot.

February 6

ADVERTISING, it seems, is the fluid that moves the wheels of progress. Today just as the class was well-launched in punctuation exercises, Mr. McAllister, the principal, tapped at my door and sheepishly presented a professor of education from the university.

"I have been telling Mr. Somers that we make a specialty of English composition," Mr. McAllister began, "He has read the report you gave me of your work, and he wants to see you in action."

"How do you do, Mr. Somers? The paper Mr. McAllister spoke of was a literary effort. We don't do half those things I related so glibly; we only try to do them. And paper school children are much easier to manipulate than the flesh-and-blood kind."

"That doesn't matter."

"You can't expect me to live literature on a rainy Monday afternoon; and really, I am afraid a punctuation drill is very dull for a visitor."

"Oh, never mind that. Just go on with what you were doing."

I could have murdered Mr. McAllister. "Go on!" He would have been shocked to death if we had gone on as we do when professors of education aren't present. I did not dare invent sentences from the movies, or quote from the children's themes — they are always skinning snakes or trapping skunks; occasionally they describe the gory scene of an accident. I cudgelled my brains for lady-like sentences. No good. A few minutes ago we had been having a jolly time punctuating Mike O'Halloran's everyday conversation. He talked and we punctuated — and laughed. It would never do to let Mike talk for a professor of education. He wouldn't, anyhow; he was already turning shy and tongue-tied, like his teacher. The class had just handed in papers — the week's adventures. We'd better stop punctuating and read them.

ERNEST Buterbaugh could be depended upon. He ran true to form, with his mule train:

"Uncle was not in the shanty, and so I hopped on a mule train and started on a long ride to the other end of the mine to look for him. The cold air of the mine after the June sunshine chilled me to the bone. The smell of sulphur hit my nose like a bullet. As I went farther into the mine lights began to pop up from every little opening and side track, and water began to dribble from the roof. Little ditches and gutters led the water to the pumps and then to the entrance. Steam rolled from the back of the mule, and rose from all the puddles. As I passed through the small openings to the pits I could feel the smooth coal. The mule

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trudged along over the ties and soft mud, making every step securely. The train of mule cars plunged its way through three more openings to the very end of the mine, and then I hopped off to look for my uncle, for whom I had made that long, hobble-jobble ride through the mine."

Obviously the visitor did not care for mules and mines. He was bored.

Alexander Woyjick began: "At last a car came along. He was going about three blocks from our home. He tooked us to a hotel and was very nice to we — "

ONLY the professor of education looked horrified; not a child blinked. The little fellow went on reading proudly with his funny blond cowlick sticking straight up on the crown of his head and a broad black smear across his button nose. I was dumb.

Felix Kaminsky came next, a little square chap, with a tousled black head and a wide slow grin.

"Me'n Angelo got ready early that mornin' 'cause we was goin' fishin'. I copped a tin of beans and a slice of pie, an' Angelo he fetched along two big boxes of sardines. Afore we got to the crick, I killed a great big snake that Angelo never even seen."

Felix looked up and smiled broadly. A front tooth was missing — since yesterday. Mr. Somers smiled back. I liked him better after that. But Mr. McAllister was nervous; it was not the first time I had disgraced him. He manœuvred his guest to the door. When they had bowed themselves out, the children relaxed with a long sigh and a giggle.

"That was a nice man." Felix was still beaming. "He liked my story."

"Men are always nicer than ladies. 'Member that lady who came last week? She didn't like nothin' we did; she said 'We don't do it that way in Altamont.'"

"Yes, an' she said 'Do you allow such language as this to go uncorrected?' 'Why that boy' — it was me she meant — 'said "hot-dog" and "cop" — and "tin Lizzie".' If I can't say them words, I gotta quit talkin'."

"Exactly. Never mind, Felix; Miss Braithewaite teaches girls. Come on, Mike; where did you leave off?"

"The first day I got my gun, I shot a big hole in my mother's dishpan. . . . "

"Comma after gun."

"My next gun was a .22 rifle — "

"Aw heck! You ain't got no rifle!"

"Well, smarty, what if I ain't? I'm a-teachin' you to comma, ain't I?"

The bell rang and the class tumbled out, Jack and Mike still squabbling. Nobody had learned anything but the teacher; she had acquired the verb "to comma".

March 26

THE coming of spring has raised my spirits. This morning it poured, but I walked through a carnival of color: umbrellas and raincoats were going to school, too. Just ahead of me swayed purple and gray-green, frosted like the bloom on October grapes. On the corner two tall yellow slickers stood talking to a scrap of green under a twirling umbrella. The pavement was gay with moving discs. If one screwed up one's eyes, it looked rather like confetti magnified. Powder-blue and mahogany dived into a corner fruit-store.

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Kelly green was carrying vermilion's books. Roly-poly scarlet raced recklessly ahead, collided with pumpkin yellow, sprawled, books flying, picked himself up, and trotted on, mud-spattered, to school. The entrance was a harlequinade of gay-colored garments, with umbrellas and parasols bobbing and straining in the wind like a leash of toy balloons. Toned, harmonized by the warm soft rain, sharp colors were softened, hard edges removed. Why doesn't somebody *paint* umbrellas and rain-coats going to school?

I am afraid this is not ant-ly observation. I have spent, to be sure, a long winter in the ant-hill, being disciplined; and for a time I was so cold and starved that I really thought I had turned into an ant. Now that the winter is gone, however, it is a relief to find that I'm only a thawing grasshopper after all, and just as undisciplined as ever. Really, I must see that something is done about those flower beds. I might bribe the gardener to let me dig in them myself. *My* tulips won't look like British grenadiers!

The Explanation

By Mary Lindsley

His little sister entered last of all,
With wondering eyes that knew no cause of sorrow,
Save broken dolls or lessons for tomorrow.
On this strange holiday, she tiptoed, tall
With self-importance. Clustered on the wall,
The Raphael cherubs crowded close to borrow
Her earthly warmth; and hung there in a narrow
Straight shaft of light which some lost world let fall.

Shy in our presence, now, she would not speak,
But wrapped our dresses 'round her like a cloud.
We bade her lay a rosebud by his cheek;
And told her then to what dark power we bowed.
She kissed him presently; but when a streak
Of sunlight touched his face, she laughed aloud.

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What Kansas Thinks of Prohibition

By Clyde M. Reed
Governor of Kansas

The Chief Executive of the Sunflower State replies to our offer to publish his side of the case, following the controversy aroused by Jay House's article in our pages

Prohibition came into the United States as a moral issue. It will stay and grow stronger and more effective as the years go by, because this moral issue is supported by economic and industrial demands. Hard-headed thinkers on problems of public weal give some consideration to the moral phase of the prohibition of the liquor traffic, but they are more and more placing their support of that policy upon the hardest and soundest economic fact — a befuddled brain can not do a good day's work.

In the beginnings of the Prohibition movement, particularly in Kansas, where I have first-hand knowledge covering nearly all of the period, the economic side of the movement excited no particular interest among its most ardent supporters. Those who urged the abolition of the saloon and of the free movement of liquor among the people stressed the debauchery, the squalor, the crime and the degradation of the addicts of liquor and their families as the chief reasons why the traffic should be banned.

They met with some success, and are entitled to approbation for standing solidly and unflinchingly against the popular belief. There were martyrs to the cause of Prohibition because it was based largely upon moral grounds. It was not until they were joined by the economic forces of this country that the programme had any possibility of continued and general success and became a nation-wide instead of a local matter.

The real decline of the saloon, the distillery and the brewery began at the uncharted point in our history when some railroad operating official took a drunken brakeman from a train and sent him home with a remark that I imagine was something like this:

"There are two hundred people on this train and thousands of dollars in property. We can't take

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chances of a clouded mind killing a single man, woman or child or destroying a dollar's worth of property."

It was the American railroads which, I believe, drove the first nails into the coffin of John Barleycorn. They didn't do it for sentimental or moral reasons, but for strictly business reasons. It has been fully thirty years since the last American railroad joined in the rule that no operating employee could take a drink of liquor either on or off duty.

You seldom hear any railroad man talking about his personal liberty being destroyed by the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act. Those who operate the trains on our great railroad systems have been on the water wagon so long that the prattlings of the beer barons and rum runners, and those wet newspapers which see nothing good coming from Prohibition, cause them only smiles and a feeling of contentment. These men know that long years ago their predecessors learned, at great cost, that high speed, on-time, safe and dependable movement of trains, required a clear head and steady muscles to maintain the pace. A drink or two, and a good job was gone forever. A railroad man with drinking proclivities was anathema to every operating official in the country.

Following the railroads came the industrial leaders, who saw in the future high speed machines and tremendous production without material increases in man-power. These men, by bitter experience, learned that a man with a clouded brain was dangerous to have around high speed machinery. He was dangerous to himself. The employer may not have thought much of that, but a man with a clouded brain was a menace to his fellow employees and to the plant.

Then the employers began calling in their foremen and directing them that any man who came to work with the earmarks of a drinking spree be kept out of the factory. At first they permitted the man to be shunted off to less dangerous work, where he could not hurt himself or his fellows. Later they got rid of him entirely. There are any number of factories which have as absolute a prohibition against liquor among the operating employees as the railroads. There are any number of factories in this country which have men at the gates, or have the foremen of the gangs watch each man as he goes to work, and any man that enters the plant who shows signs of having been out late the night before is not allowed to work with machinery. A sleepy brain and a drink-brain are much the same in a factory. They do not function properly. The man may lose a hand or an arm or his life; he may cause the death of others and the wrecking of valuable machinery and the slowing down, possible closing down, of an entire plant.

That is why railroads and industry and the financial institutions have put into force much more rigid prohibition against liquor than even our Government or the most rabid of the Prohibition States. It wasn't upon moral grounds that they acted. It was purely upon selfish, economic grounds that they established Prohibition and have made it stick in their own organizations. There are

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some instances, I suspect, in which industrial leaders have actually and rigidly enforced Prohibition among the employees in their plants and then stood upon the housetops and shouted the evils of governmental prohibition of the liquor traffic.

OTHER countries are joining against the liquor traffic. Only last week there came into my hands a report of the Licensing Statistics Bureau of Great Britain. This report disclosed that in 1913 there were 188,877 convictions for drunkenness in England and Wales and 65,166 in 1927, a decrease of 65 per cent. The same report disclosed that at the beginning of 1928 there were 78,803 places licensed to sell liquor in the two countries "for drinking on the premises." That means the English "pubs." At the beginning of 1904, 25 years ago, there were 99,478 of these places licensed to sell liquor to be consumed on the premises. This means a reduction of 20,675 licensed saloons in England and Wales. Old John Bull has not made the advances in the use of machinery that have been made in America in the same period, but my information indicates that since the war there has been progress in this line, and I may predict that as England speeds up her machinery, she will slow down her liquor consumption even more rapidly than in the 25 years for which I have the figures on the licensing of the English "pubs." There must be some reason for this reduction in licenses. Doubtless some will insist that it is due to a strengthening of the moral fibre, but I believe it is a combination of moral and economic conditions that will continue to grow.

Samuel Crowther recently disclosed figures showing that ordinarily the margin between good and bad times in the United States is about 15 per cent in industrial production and sales, and that in the last ten years prosperity in this country has increased not only the 15 per cent but an additional 15 per cent, and "it is in this extra 15 per cent that we find the cause of our abundant prosperity."

Mr. Crowther attributes this gain primarily to Prohibition, and he quotes Thomas A. Edison:

> I think we have about a 60 per cent enforcement, which is rather higher than the enforcement of many laws. We can never have a 100 per cent enforcement of Prohibition or any other law.

IN 1909 the total realized income of the people of the United States was $29,605,000,000. In 1928 it was $89,419,000,000, according to the National Bureau of Economic Research. This is an increase of 207 per cent in twenty years. The average wages of a wage worker increased from $527 a year to $1,205, and the pay of the salaried employees increased from $976 to $2,084 a year.

There must be some relation between those increases and Prohibition. The wage earners were able to work more days and to do better work and more of it in less hours to justify these increases in wages and salaries. There is an endless cycle here in that the wage earner with more money and more leisure buys more goods and more fun and thus creates greater demand and increases the demand for his labor.

The organizations which have charge of charity work throughout

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the country have shown that they have less chronic poverty now than ten years ago. The poor are not getting poorer while the rich are growing richer in America. Both are improving. The disappearance of the saloon and the reduction in the consumption of liquor have had something to do with this condition. The man who spent his money for liquor and then went home to beat up his wife and children, now buys clothing and food and toys. Instead of smashing up the furniture in a drunken rage, he buys new chairs and stoves and carpets and sells the junk.

THE country at large is going through the same stages in Prohibition enforcement as did Kansas thirty years ago. Only a short time ago the officers of an Idaho city were sentenced to jail and prison for licensing bootleggers. They did not personally gain a dollar from the system, but spent the revenues for streets and parks and lights and other things to benefit the town.

Kansas had cities which followed the same practice as did those Idaho men until the people of the State demanded that the law be enforced everywhere. Kansas put one mayor in jail and ousted twenty or thirty others from office. The State drove numerous other law enforcement officers, who sought to set up their own standards of law enforcement, out of office and out of public life, and there has been but a single instance of an attempted licensing system in this State in nearly twenty years.

There are two classes of legal offenses: one includes offenses against persons or property. In such cases the aggrieved person sets the machinery of law into motion; if a citizen is assaulted, or his chickens or his automobiles are stolen, he goes to the proper officers of the law and makes complaint. He renders the officers every possible assistance in locating the offender, and readily gives testimony in court.

THE liquor laws and those against the sale of narcotics; traffic laws, white slave laws and some other enactments of this character, fall into another classification. These laws are made for the regulation of society as a whole and their violation does not usually directly affect the property or person of an individual willing to file a complaint. The enforcement of the liquor laws presents an entirely different problem from the enforcement of other criminal laws. In the one the enforcement is initiated by the person wronged. In the other the participant in the crime does everything in his power to shield the other party to the crime.

No one ever heard of anyone calling a police station and saying, "There's a man here who wants to sell a gallon of gin." But there are thousands of calls coming into police stations which say, "There's a man trying to steal my watch." This attitude makes enforcement of the liquor laws harder than that of other laws. Officers are blocked in obtaining evidence from persons who come into contact with the liquor vendor. They must conduct every part of the search for the bootlegger, learn his habits and methods, where he lives and where he keeps his wares, and then catch him with the goods on him before they can make a case

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stick in the courts. Since Prohibition came into force in this country there are thousands who deliberately became enemies of their own country because of their unmoral attitude toward the liquor traffic. They aid and abet the traffic and flout enforcement of the law. This attitude grows out of a misguided sense of personal liberty, or what many believe to be personal liberty. It also appears among those who believe in obedience to those laws they like and the breaking of those laws they do not like. If this attitude ever extends to the majority of our citizens, then our democracy has failed.

WHEN the country through the machinery created for that purpose decides upon a general rule of conduct, which rule is within the powers given the Government, then that rule must become effective and be observed by a minority which may not happen to agree with it. There are certain fundamental rights: free speech; free press; right of petition; right of suffrage; and the right of trial by jury, that under the Constitution can not be taken away from the citizens of this country, but that does not extend to the "booze" traffic.

The liquor traffic always has been an outlaw. It has never been conducted in obedience to law that was intended to regulate it. Kansas stopped attempts at regulation and adopted Prohibition because it found the liquor interests would not keep faith. The saloons were places of ribaldry and crime. There were thousands of arrests every year in the liquor States because the saloonkeepers themselves violated the excise code. The saloons brought Prohibition upon themselves much earlier than anyone had anticipated because of their own lawlessness.

There is talk about the enormous expense of enforcing the prohibitory law. It does cost money, but it can be made to pay its way by the Government and the States. In Kansas the theory has always been that the law violator should pay the bill. We have made liquor law enforcement a gainful project for the State, so far as immediate costs are concerned. I have checked over many reports of Kansas officials, and for twenty years I am confident that the returns in actual fines collected from liquor violators have met the expense of law enforcement. There are not more than two counties, and I believe not more than a single county, in this State, in which the liquor fines actually collected have not exceeded costs of enforcement. In addition to the fines Kansas has made the bootleggers pay the fee of the State's lawyers in their own prosecutions.

WHEN I became Governor there appeared to be a need for some special effort on the part of the State to drive out the bootleggers where local officers were not doing their full duty in law enforcement. In some instances this was not a culpable laxity on the part of the officers but a lack of ability and initiative. It is unfortunate when that sort of officer happens to be elected.

The legislature of 1929 made available to the Governor a fund of $40,000 for law enforcement, covering a period of two years and five months. This money is being spent through the State's chief law enforcing offi-

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cer, the Attorney General. He has directed the methods and employed the men to do the work. He didn't have any little army, or need it. He picked six men to set upon the trails of the bootleggers. These men worked with and through the local officers in every instance. They did not go out and put on spectacular drives or hold town meetings on law enforcement. They were strangers in most of the State and just dropped in to a town and looked around a bit, mingled with the "boys," and then strolled around to the sheriff's office or the county attorney's, and told him where they could get a still that was making liquor from rotten wheat, or where some man was coming through with a carload of liquor, or where there was a cache of liquor. The local officers conducted all the raids.

I HAVE just had laid before me the results of the law enforcement work under this special appropriation from about March 1, 1929, to the close of the year, approximately nine months of actual effort with an additional three or four weeks taken in organizing the campaign and employing the men and laying out the work. During the period there were 168 convictions in liquor cases obtained through the work of officers employed by the Attorney General; 73 cases are now pending. Fines have been assessed against violators of the law amounting to $30,800. In addition, 39 automobiles have been confiscated in liquor cases. We do not have a report of the sale price of those automobiles, but in the aggregate this will amount to a substantial sum. Enforcement of the law is the most important factor, but it may be of interest to know that in carrying out a sound public policy in this respect, Kansas has been able to collect additional revenues from law violators more than enough to offset the expense to which the State has been put in the law enforcement policy.

THE liquor traffic, being contraband, is not capable of being analyzed as closely as ordinary and legitimate business, nor can we gather data and statistics regarding it. We can not speak of the volume of liquor traffic in Kansas or elsewhere with the same degree of certainty we can discuss bank clearings or post-office receipts or department store sales, but there is no person who is familiar with the situation in Kansas but who agrees that the prohibitory law is reasonably well enforced. There have been some writers for the "wet" press who have written sensational stories to the contrary, but the stories were deliberately sensational to be salable. Next to that aristocracy of suckers — big business eager to provide impotent lobbyists with money — the "wet" press ranks in gullibility. The average citizen of Kansas smiles when he reads such things. He knows they are not true. No informed citizen of Kansas undertakes to say there is no liquor made or sold in this State; that would be absurd; but the fact is that the law against the sale of liquor is as well enforced as the law against forging checks or stealing chickens, or theft of automobiles.

In Kansas for many years after Prohibition came there were many men and groups who believed the

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liquor traffic was a necessity to the business well-being of a city. They honestly felt that grass would grow in the streets unless a controlled liquor traffic were allowed to operate.

Gradually it came into the consciousness of these men that the liquor traffic was a nuisance, an injury to their own business, an expense to the community, and that prosperity and progress did not walk along the same highway with booze. They did not mix. The only community with which I am familiar where the old idea still prevails is the only community where grass is now growing in the streets.

IN THE earlier days of Prohibition the liquor business had a definite habitat. There were more or less open saloons. Then came the joints, hidden in back rooms. Then came the joints of the alleys, and now there are no places known definitely where liquor may be purchased. It is entirely a will-o-the-wisp business, a fly-by-night traffic in which the bootlegger sells a bottle here and a bottle there and moves on before the officers can catch up with him.

It is of quite recent memory that hotel men the country over declared vehemently that their bars were the profitable part of their business. There were many hotel men who declared they could not operate profitably from their room rentals or their dining rooms, and that the prohibition of the liquor traffic would drive the hotels out of business generally.

If prohibition has done one thing it is that the people have more money and more motor cars and they use them to see America first. There are more hotels and better hotels now throughout the country than ever before, and they are crowded all the time. I have not heard of a Kansas hotel going into bankruptcy in fifty years, and a cursory glance at the records of failures in recent years fails to disclose a failure of an important hotel property. More hotels are building now than ever before in the country's history.

I have recently talked to some of the men in Kansas operating the larger hotels of the State. They tell me in the last year they have had less trouble from drinking parties in their hotels than in any previous year in their hotel experience. Many hotels now refuse to provide set-ups for guests to stage liquor parties.

IN AN active business and political life I have given thought to the moral aspects of prohibition of the liquor traffic, but its economic aspects have been growing on me for thirty years. In the past I have joined with "the boys" in an hour or an evening of conviviality — never in a saloon, however. I suppose I enjoyed it. I like men, and I like to talk and hear them discuss problems of state and just ordinary affairs and the foibles of men. We adhered strictly to the adjuration of those who seek to have liquor restored in this country — that none should imbibe too freely. It has been a long time now since I have participated in such affairs, yet I join men around a table or in a living room or an office just as frequently, and I believe we have just as much fun and learn as much from the discussions, the jokes and the anecdotes in these dry days as when these meetings were opened

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with a flowing bowl. There is one outstanding item of improvement, I note. That is that the pointless, ribald story does not get into the picture so much.

As a moral problem I believe Prohibition to be a success.

As an economic problem I am certain it is a success, and that enforcement will be easier and more efficient as men and women come more and more to realize the vastly improved conditions that have come since Prohibition became an actuality.

A Melody of Ancient Egypt

By Carl Holliday

Oh, little song, sung ages long ago
Under the palms beside the winding Nile,
Crooned by some mother by the river's flow,
Or swarthy slaves a-march in weary file,
Chafed with their chains of clanking links.
Mayhap some dusky maiden longing gazed
Across the gleaming sand to where was raised
The massive wonder of the silent Sphinx,
And, singing, dreamed of him, her lover strong,
Who fought for Rameses in kingdoms dim.
Oh, chant of sadness, mystery of song,
In these, your weird and wailing notes, I hear
A weariness of life e'en then — a hymn
Heart-heavy; yet amidst its shadowed fear
The hope the gods some day shall right all wrong.
Oh, song of ancient days, I feel your cry
Of ages long: *the soul must hope — or die.*

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Prexy's Perilous Job

By Max McConn
Dean of Lehigh University

There must be something wrong with the system when fifty-five of our colleges change their presidents in a nine months' period

It was Professor J. McKeen Cattell, of Columbia University, who some years ago described the college presidency as a "dangerous trade." This characterization has just received statistical confirmation which is very nearly startling. Archie M. Palmer, Associate Secretary of the Association of American Colleges, reports, in the November *Bulletin* of that body, that within the preceding nine months 55 colleges and universities made changes in their highest executive office. "Thirty-five new college presidents have been elected since the first of January, 1929, and six others who were elected in 1928 have been inaugurated during this calendar year. In addition, four acting presidents have been designated, while in at least ten other institutions the affairs of the presidency are being temporarily administered by members of the staff pending the filling of existing vacancies."

Since there are only about 750 colleges in the country, these changes represent a turn-over of 7.3 per cent in nine months. Surely this is an alarming rate of academic mortality.

Mr. Palmer goes on to describe the job as "man-killing." "Few," he says, "survive it for more than eight or ten years. Only a superman can for long meet the constant professional demands placed upon him in such broad and varied fields as those of scholarship, campaigning for funds, balancing budgets, administering educational programmes, hiring and firing, directing building projects, lecturing, personal relationships, representing the institution publicly . . . and incidentally running a college. The strain on the human frame — to say nothing of the strain on mind and spirit — is enough to break any normal man in a short time."

Modern sociology disapproves of dangerous trades, holds that occupational hazards should be reduced to a minimum; and it bases this position not only on considerations of humanity toward the workers directly concerned but also on the ground that the existence of

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such trades is damaging to the general public weal.

In the case of the college presidency, for example, it is sufficiently obvious that a gross overburdening of that office, with the resultant strain upon its incumbents and their periodical breakdown or retirement, must be injurious to the colleges over which they preside and consequently to the whole cause of higher education in this country. Even in business frequent changes of executive personnel are recognized as damaging. They inevitably involve losses in loyalty and *esprit de corps*, confusion over variations in policy, and above all a general sense of unrest and insecurity. In a college or university such results are particularly disastrous, because the activities of teaching and learning require above everything else an atmosphere of tranquillity and stability.

IT MAY be worth while, therefore, to inquire how the college or university presidency has come to be the dangerous trade it is, and what, if anything, can be done about it.

We may begin by considering how other countries manage this matter. How about the presidents of the universities of England and Germany and France and Italy and Spain? Are they, too, constantly breaking under impossible loads?

The answer to this question may be moderately surprising to many Americans who have given little attention to the history of higher education. The universities of Europe (and Asia and Australia and South America) have no presidents at all nor any comparable officer; which fact, broadly considered, may seem to indicate that an office which the institutions of higher learning throughout the rest of the world are able to dispense with entirely need not, of absolute necessity, be so magnified among us as to be beyond the powers of normal men.

BUT, of course, the universities of the Old World grew up very differently from ours. The more ancient ones consisted originally of little more than groups of students and groups of teachers drawn together in some convenient city. The relationship between these groups was at first very similar to that between the private students of music and the private teachers of music in any American town: those who wanted to learn something sought out those who were able to teach it and paid them fees for instruction. Gradually some little organization was effected, first among the students, later among the teachers; and eventually the two bodies were loosely affiliated in the corporate entity which was called the university. And that is about all there is to it even now.

Yet that is not the American way of doing things. When we want to do anything whatsoever, our first step is to call a meeting of all who are interested (and as many others as possible) and *organize*. Precisely this has been the first step in the establishment of most American colleges and universities. A group of prominent citizens — frequently headed and dominated by some individual philanthropist — have got together and decided that a college or university was needed in their particular town, city, or district. In a very few

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cases some of the prominent citizens have been actuated in part by considerations related to real estate values and similar pecuniary matters. But this has been exceptional; in general, their motives have been of the highest: real public spirit and a sincere regard (or respect) for higher education. But the prominent citizens were not themselves, naturally, either teachers or students. Consequently, they could not in their own persons do anything whatever toward opening an institution of learning. All that lay within their power was to contribute and collect sums of money with which to hire others to do this job; and certainly they are entitled to high praise for the generosity with which they have themselves contributed, and the equally impressive zeal with which they have collected from others, for this purpose. Beyond that all they could do was to entrust their purpose and their funds to a permanent committee which should take charge of the enterprise.

So far as I know there is no American college or university which is not controlled and legally owned by such a permanent committee, representing the founders and acting as custodians of the original funds and, of course, of such additional funds as may have accrued. These permanent committees have acquired a generic name: the board of trustees.

But the board of trustees — the permanent committee of prominent citizens — are permanently in the same fix as the original group of founders. They are not themselves either teachers or learners, but very busy men, pressingly engrossed in the activities through which they have become prominent. And these activities, of course, have practically never had anything to do with higher education or any other kind of education. In short, they have very little time to devote to the college and know very little about colleges anyway. Consequently all that can be, or is, expected of them is to hire other men to do the work of the college, using the funds committed to them for this purpose.

Yet even this — the mere hiring of all the persons needed to run a college — is a large and troublesome job. In the early days of the very small colleges some boards of trustees tried to handle it themselves; but they soon found it took more time than they could spare from their own business, and most of them had the good sense to perceive also that it required an expert knowledge of academic affairs beyond what they possessed.

They were not long, however, in finding a solution. The obvious thing was to hire a manager or foreman, just as they were accustomed to do in their own offices, factories, and shops, and to make him responsible for the hiring of his subordinates and in fact for the entire management of the college. Out of their great respect for higher education they have accorded their manager or foreman a well-sounding title: he is called either "president" or "chancellor." Practically all boards of trustees at the present time limit their actual personal activities to the finding, as often as may be necessary, of a new president. Having appointed him, they give him full authority and hold

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him responsible only for results — in accordance with approved administrative maxims. So long as everything goes smoothly, they approve his recommendations substantially *pro forma* and read his reports if they have time. If trouble brews, they will usually support him in quashing it if they can. If the trouble becomes too serious, they can only fire him (*i.e.*, "accept his resignation") and hire a new one ("call another distinguished educator to executive responsibility").

THE foregoing is a brief but, I believe, accurate account of the origin of the American system of college and university government — the trustee-president system. It is easy to see how it happened. Given our American habits of thought and procedure, it could not have happened otherwise. So nobody is to be blamed; in fact all the parties concerned are entitled to praise for high motives and doing the only thing that could be done.

But the resulting office of president is really pretty rough. The president is given full authority for hiring his subordinates and directing them. But who are his subordinates? Not clerks or mechanics or minor administrative officials, such as other managers may employ and rule, but a body of teachers and scholars — men, in other words, of high intelligence, strong individuality, and distinguished attainments. Rightly or wrongly these men do not like to have a manager hiring and firing and bossing them. In no other country on earth has such a group ever submitted to such a manager or been asked to do so. In other countries they are given a large measure of individual and collective autonomy, and have succeeded in handling their own affairs, not very "efficiently" perhaps, but in the long run with greater satisfaction to their students and the public, as well as to themselves, than our system has yielded.

SO THE president's troubles usually begin with his faculty, not through any real fault on either side, but because he is put in a false relationship to them — a relationship such as no man ought to be asked to assume towards such a group.

But this is only the beginning. The full responsibility which the president receives from the trustees is indeed full. Let us consider the items of business which may pass across his desk within a single half day.

When he arrives at his office at 9:30 the architects are waiting for him with plans for the new botanical greenhouses, including a new system for the regulation of temperature which is extremely expensive but which the professor of botany claims is essential for the type of research on which he is engaged; also plans for an enlarged swimming pool for the gymnasium and a new set of roads and walks on the South Campus. All these projects will cost more than previously estimated, but surely in view of their obvious desirability the president can find the money.

Next comes the alumni secretary with the preliminary layout of a "drive" for an additional ten millions of endowment — a matter involving a multitude of most delicate details.

Then perhaps the dean slips in with a particularly nasty case of

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student discipline, a case which must be handled firmly in the interest of student morale, yet discreetly if the name of the university is not to be smirched. The dean probably knows what he wants to do, but must assure himself before he acts of the president's concurrence and support.

After the dean, Assistant Professor Jones, with the double purpose of pleading for an increase in salary and sowing a few innuendoes against the head of his department, whose responsibilities, it may be inferred, could be infinitely better discharged by Professor Jones himself.

Jones is eventually thrown out, but is promptly succeeded by the director of athletics, with a subtle plan for so handling Sub-Freshman Day that it will attract the largest possible number of desirable football candidates without appearing to seek that end or drawing animadversions from the Carnegie Foundation.

MEANWHILE the president's secretary has brought in the morning's mail, including, beside seven questionnaires and ten advertisements of new educational treatises which no college president should fail to read, a request from a magazine editor for his views on the Younger Generation, three complaints from parents of the faulty instruction and unjust treatment their sons are receiving, two explosions from alumni who are rabid because the team lost the last big game, and a postal card from "A Citizen and Taxpayer" denouncing the whole institution as a sink of iniquity and a breeder of irreligion and sedition.

And all the time the poor president has been hoping against hope that he might get at least an hour *this* morning to tackle the tremendous job of assembling the annual budget. But now he must hasten away to the monthly luncheon of the Chamber of Commerce and must make up his speech as he drives over, because last night he was entertaining a distinguished visiting lecturer who did not have sense enough to turn in until 1 A.M.

IT WILL be seen, I trust, that few other positions, public or private, involve more numerous and difficult contacts or a wider range of complicated problems. But that is not the worst of it. The worst is that in handling all these matters a college or university president must stand alone, bearing sole responsibility and sole authority, except for the merely formal support of the board of trustees. The Governor of a State may be confronted by questions equally multitudinous and baffling, but no Governor stands alone, a solitary autocrat. He shares his responsibility with a legislature and also with other State officers who are independently elected by and responsible to the people. Of course a college or university president has assistants — deans, registrars, architects, alumni secretaries, and many others, — but all of these are his own creatures, his own appointees, and necessarily, therefore, to some extent, his yes-men, as are likewise the professors. None of them has independent status or authority, and none of them, consequently, can really stand up to him or really check him when he needs checking — as any man does sometimes. This status of isolated autocracy is the great

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evil in the college presidency, the underlying cause of its strain and its mishaps.

Please understand that the presidents themselves have not sought or desired such solitary authority. To many of them it is profoundly distasteful and to all a grievous burden. And nearly all, being men of fine character as well as great ability, are as scrupulous as a man can be not to abuse their power. But no man given despotic authority can avoid abusing it: he overrules without knowing it; his casual expressions of opinion stifle debate and head off proposals and smother protests. And so, though striving earnestly to be just, he works injustice here and there; seeking faithfully to do the best for the college, he makes mistakes which his colleagues see to be mistakes but of which they can not effectively warn him. And thus harm results to individuals and to the institution, and, though the president may do many fine and wise things also, dissatisfaction accumulates, until presently it seems best to get a new president — who can not escape repeating the same process.

WHAT can be done about it — if anything?

Here we are saddled with our boards of trustees, all legally established with legislative charters in perpetuity, and all regularly appointing presidents, and certainly incapable of discharging their function in any other way. Even those who will grant that the system has its flaws may be inclined to shrug and say we may as well make the best of it.

That is undoubtedly what we shall do, in general, for a long time to come. Yet I think it is not difficult to envisage a better plan nor in any way impossible to try it out, experimentally, in a college or two; and if this should be done and the results should be happy, — well, we Americans are not the slowest among peoples in the general adoption of improved devices.

WHO really ought to rule the college or university? Who, in other words, could probably do it best? The existing boards of trustees — the permanent committees of prominent citizens — simply can not resume the function themselves. They have neither the time nor the expert knowledge. Who else is there in sight? Who that has, or could have, the time and the knowledge and sufficient interest?

Casting about, we might light upon the faculty — a highly selected group who are devoting their lives to teaching and learning. They must know something about colleges (most presidents, in fact, are drawn from their ranks), and surely they are vitally interested; though at present they are merely employed and directed by the trustees' manager, with practically nothing to say about the broad policies of the institution. Casting still further, there are the students. Of course they are pretty young; but after all most of the seniors are voters, and they have had two or three years' experience of college, and they know the real facts about many important matters as no one else can. And then there are the alumni, who also have much knowledge of the institution, viewed from a perspective of greater maturity and extra-collegiate experience.

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It seems to me that the governing body of a college or university could best be drawn from these three thoroughly informed and keenly interested groups. To be concrete, let me propose a board of twelve: six members of the faculty, elected by the faculty; three honor seniors, elected by the class; and three alumni, elected by the alumni association.

I SEE no good theoretical reason why such a board should not take over all the functions of the existing boards of trustees, with complete jurisdiction and final authority in all matters whatsoever.

Such a group could be a real working board, as the existing lay boards are not and can not be. They would still need a president, to be chosen by them, and to serve as their educational adviser and executive officer, and he would need to be the ablest man they could find, and would have plenty to do and much responsibility and prestige. But such a board could be really helpful. Its committees could actually take over large segments of the necessary work. But especially it would be helpful as a well-informed and definitely interested reviewing board, which could canvass all the president's policies and recommendations to some real effect. It could save any president from innumerable errors, injustices, and partialities, which no human individual who must act practically alone in numerous and delicate matters can possibly avoid.

And think of the educational effect, upon the faculty and students, of such effective participation, through their representatives, in their own government! This in itself would be sufficient first to remake and then to maintain the morale of any college.

Such a governing board would undoubtedly be "inefficient" in some matters. It would make mistakes, of course, and it would almost certainly slow up some kinds of development, especially programmes of "expansion." But I am willing to predict that it would be more rigorous in discipline, stricter in its maintenance of qualitative standards, bolder in educational experimentation, and stronger in standing against deteriorating influences from outside, than the trustee-president combination has ever been or is likely to be.

AND its executive officer, the president — although he would have his troubles, like any public servant, — would nevertheless be, as compared with other presidents, a happy man. No longer a lonely autocrat, unwillingly admired, ignorantly slandered, diffidently approached, skillfully cajoled and managed by the deft among his subordinates, and so far as possible ignored by all the rest. He could know the joy of real coöperation, of fighting for his projects with equals whose opposition could be open and whose approval when given would be sincere. He could not move as fast in many matters as our existing presidents move, but when he did move he would have his community with him instead of, half the time, against him; thus progress might be slower but would be surer and sounder. And there would be no accumulating reservoir of rancor, the result of injustices and errors unwittingly committed and suffered necessarily without protest.

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But what chance have we of even trying any such plan under the existing conditions of law and custom in this country?

WELL, our college and university system is by no means so rigidly set today as it was even ten years ago. We have come into a period of experimental and experimenting colleges. Different institutions are already engaged in trying out many innovations in courses of study, methods of instruction, and living conditions — honors courses at Swarthmore and elsewhere, preceptorial or tutorial instruction at Princeton and Harvard, the English collegiate system of residence at Harvard and Claremont, supervised study at Rollins, and an entirely new curriculum and approach under Dr. Meiklejohn at Wisconsin. There is no reason why *some* college should not experiment with this vital matter of government.

It need not be so difficult to arrange for trial purposes. Any board of trustees, on the recommendation of any interested president, could at any meeting authorize an executive committee of professors, students, and alumni, and delegate to such an experimental board, for a specified period — say, five years — exactly the same powers which it has heretofore delegated to the president alone, *i.e.*, full control of the institution, subject only to the formal ratification of budgets and other measures by the legal board at a perfunctory annual meeting. Most boards of trustees contain some alumni members; several of these might be designated as the first alumni members of the experimental board; thus the new trial governing body could be considered a joint committee of the faculty, the students, and the legal board itself. Such joint committees as this have not been unknown in the past, though only for temporary purposes and with powers limited to recommendation. Of course, for the experiment here proposed, the legal board would have to adopt and adhere to a rigid policy of self-denial in the matter of interference during the stated period of the experiment; but many weary and bored trustees would be only too glad to do that.

SO, YOU see, the thing is by no means impossible of trial. In fact I think we may expect that within the next decade or two it will be tried in some form. And if the experiment should be conducted with reasonable fairness and patience, I am almost sure the results would be very fine — in which case the new plan would certainly be widely imitated, and the American college presidency might cease to be a dangerous trade.

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Counting Heads in the Nation

By Oliver McKee, Jr.

The Fifteenth Census blazes a new trail in methods of accumulating the greatest mass of facts a nation ever acquired

Our national passion for facts will build its greatest monument when, on April 1, an army of 100,000 enumerators begin to gather the data for the Fifteenth Census. The magnitude of the undertaking, the most colossal statistical enterprise in history, shows that the American people are endowed with a greater curiosity about themselves than are any other people. As the United States marshals, on foot and horseback, set out to count heads in our first census in 1790, George Washington and his contemporaries no doubt had their share of the curiosity which is common to mankind. Yet, compared with their descendants of today, they could gratify that passion but in part. Why? Because statistical science was virtually nonexistent, and because the marvellous tabulating machines of our time were not in their hands.

A few figures will suffice to indicate the extent of this fact-finding operation. Enumerators will collect data for a population of 120,000,000, and in doing so will ask the head of each household about twenty-five questions. They will interrogate about 6,500,000 farmers, about the farm, its crops, and its equipment. Each of the 20,000 mines in America will undergo an examination no less searching. The Fifteenth Census will blaze a trail into two new fields of inquiry, distribution and unemployment. There are 2,500,000 mercantile establishments in the United States. The distribution census will give a classified count of merchants, the types and sizes of retailers and distributors, their sales, expenses, inventories and employees. Facts such as these have never been brought together for the country as a whole. The second new field of inquiry, unemployment, will tell us how many men and women are out of work at the time of the census, where they are, and in what industries or occupations. Over 20,000 individual questions find a place on the various schedules, covering the whole range of our national life.

The American appetite for facts grows steadily keener. What would satisfy our forbears in the time of Abraham Lincoln, seems strangely inadequate today, as we compare the

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census schedules of the two periods. When the enumerator knocks at the front door on April 1, he will ask twenty-five questions. At least, he has to get data on twenty-five separate items for the population schedule, and he will be lucky if he can get the information without a few supplementary queries. The value of the home, if owned, or the monthly rental, if rented, is a question to be asked this year for the first time. Promoters of sales and advertising campaigns have long urged the Government to collect such information. This time their request has been heeded. The returns will permit a classification of families according to economic status, or if you look at it from another point of view, according to buying power.

THE manufacturer and the merchant hope to use these data as a gauge of buying power for commodities in different localities, and for different classes of the population. The rent or purchase price of your home will not, of course, be made public, for census employees are sworn to secrecy. The Census Bureau, nevertheless, will later be able to say how many people in a given community, or how many doctors, lawyers, plumbers, etc., pay $5,000, $10,000 or $50,000 for their homes. Sales managers will formulate their strategy accordingly.

"Age at first marriage, please?" This, too, is a question which will be on the tongue of the enumerator for the first time. Those who have taken on, and cast asunder, the bonds of marriage three or four times, may have to do a little calculating, but most persons will be able to give a quick answer. Census officials want this information for two reasons. It will tell them, in the first place, something about the relative age of marriage of persons in different racial and economic groups. Do Harvard graduates in the Back Bay of Boston, with incomes of $100,000 a year, marry earlier or later than their fellow Americans in the Black Belt of Chicago? Does a Vassar graduate get her first wedding ring five years ahead or behind the young and pretty cook she brought back with her on her trip to Sweden? Do wedding bells ring sooner in Peoria than in New York, and do chorus girls meet Hymen sooner than school teachers? The question will make possible, in the second place, the tabulation of important data on the size of families. Does a person who weds at twenty-one have more or fewer children than one who marries at thirty-five? Again, if you marry at twenty-five how many children may you expect, under the normal expectancy for your age?

TO SHOW that the Census Bureau marches with the times, the enumerator will make his first count of the radio sets in each household. One may then estimate, with a pretty close accuracy, the size of the potential radio audience of the country. Armed with these data, manufacturers and distributors of radio equipment will know where to put on sales pressure most effectively.

If women do housework in their homes, they will appear in the census returns as home-makers. The designation will be entered in the family relationship column, rather than in the occupation column. Since many

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women now work outside the home, "home-maker" is not put under the occupation column. Men who help with dishes, and do odd jobs about the house, will not get any credit for their accommodating spirit, unless there is no other member of the family responsible for the home. The joy of the extra-curriculum for them is its own reward.

The Census Bureau will approach our foreign born population from five separate avenues. It will separate them by five different classifications: country of birth, mother tongue (often regarded a better index of nationality than country of birth), the year of immigration to the United States, citizenship (that is, whether naturalized, having first papers, or aliens), and ability to speak English. From these five questions, a composite picture of our large foreign population can be drawn.

How are the items in a particular schedule determined? The Director, Mr. Steuart, and his associates do not sit behind closed doors, and arbitrarily select the 20,000 questions which all, or some part of, the American people will be called upon to answer. Back of each item lies long study, often protracted debate and discussion. Census officials have for months been in conference with unofficial advisory committees outside the Bureau. Dr. Louis I. Dublin, for example, heads a committee of distinguished statisticians that has helped select the items to go on the population schedule. Chambers of Commerce and other kindred organizations have assisted in the formulation of items for the distribution schedule, and farm organizations have done the same for items on the agricultural schedule. Other groups have suggested items for one or more of the various schedules. In consultation with members of the advisory committees, Mr. Steuart and his experts examine the suggestions offered, and after weighing all the arguments, choose the items which are to go on the schedules which the enumerators will carry as they begin their rounds.

Each item must hold promise of some useful information. That, of course, is fundamental, for census taking is not a game of "ask me another." Yet utility is not the sole yardstick. The question must not be so involved that its answer will unnecessarily delay the enumerator. Furthermore, the male head of the house is apt to be away when the census man makes his call, so the questions must be such that a woman, or other member of the family, will readily be able to answer. Courtesy, too, is a prime consideration. The item "Do you beat your wife?" is one that would throw a world of light on the scope of domestic infelicity in America, and one which incidentally would be hugely interesting to the curious, but obviously the Census Bureau can put its enumerators to no such risk to life and limb as this. The restrictions therefore are real ones. "How much do you save a year?" "How much of your income goes for food, how much for shelter, etc.?" are items that would be of great value to social economics, and to the science of budget making. Human nature being what it is, such questions would cause so much resentment as to im-

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peril the effectiveness of the whole undertaking. In the last analysis, the items must be those for which a voluntary answer may be looked. A treatise indeed might be written on the questions which the Bureau, in its quest for data on the American people, would like to ask, but can not. Radio sets can be counted, but the census man knows he can not measure human happiness.

POLITICAL parsons to the contrary, Church and State are separate under our theory of government. Religion, therefore, does not find a place in the questionnaire, the religious bodies, over 200 in all, themselves supplying for census purposes the number of their members, the value of church edifices, the amount of church expenditures, and data on Sunday schools. At least one sect in the past has told its members to close the door to the census man. As they gathered at a prayer meeting, the faithful learned from the Lord that it was His will they should not answer any of the questions. Confronted with blanket refusals to answer, the enumerators referred the matter to Washington, and after a short time the case was referred to the District Attorney. That official had the power to prosecute under the law, but he was also something of a diplomat. He tried diplomacy first, and visited the elders of the church, reminding them of the law with whose authority he was armed, and suggested that another meeting be called. The elders issued the necessary call for prayers, and this time the Voice from beyond told the faithful to answer the questions.

As a political entity, the American farmer has never been so powerful as he is today. His grievances and financial troubles fill yearly thousands of pages of *The Congressional Record*. It is no surprise therefore to find that the agricultural schedule is by far the most elaborate and detailed of all. It contains about 350 separate items, as compared with 25 questions that will be asked the bank clerk, the lawyer, the journalist or teacher. The agricultural schedule will therefore throw more light on the farmers of America than upon any other class.

AN EXAMINATION in the Chinese classics in the old days would probably contain no more questions than will be asked of the American farmer; the number of cows, pigs and horses, with their sex; acreage of the farm in crop and pasture land; the farm debt; principal expenses; land drained, farm machinery and such facilities as automobiles, machinery, tractors, telephone, radio, etc. A student in quest of a Germanized Ph.D. could hardly ask for a greater range of fact material than that which will be gathered from the 350 questions put to the owners or tenants of each of the 6,500,000 farms in the United States. Several new items will appear in this year's questionnaire. These include the value of the farmer's dwelling house; such farm expenses as supplies and repairs for automobiles, electric current, seeds and plants, spraying and dusting materials, electric motors and gas engines; the number of days the farmer was gainfully employed in work not on his farm, and the daily production of milk and eggs. Even the baby ducks are to be counted.

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The agricultural schedule may not measure for us the intellectual resources of the American farmer, or his happiness. It will, however, throw a searchlight on the economic conditions of this American farmer, whose purchases of tractors alone increased 138 per cent from 1920 to 1925.

RULE-OF-THUMB methods by no means solve all of the Census Director's problems. What is a restaurant, for enumeration purposes? Neither the dictionary nor a decision of the Supreme Court can decide the knotty point for him. Is a hot-dog stand a restaurant? Yet it provides many a motorist with the equivalent of a mid-day meal, the basic function of any restaurant. And if the hot-dog vendor does not operate an eating house, into what classification shall he be put for enumeration purposes? Again, what is a hotel? What is the dividing line between a hotel and a boarding house? Does it take two, four or six roomers to turn your home into a rooming house?

Special groups in our population have given Mr. Steuart many a difficult hour. Do the soldiers at Governor's Island belong to New York City, or should they be credited to the towns or cities where the recruiting sergeant secured them? Are the students at Yale and Princeton to be considered as part of the population of New Haven and Princeton respectively, or are they to be added to the population of their home towns? How about prisoners at Sing Sing, and inmates of insane asylums and homes for the feeble-minded? Certain arbitrary rules have been laid down to cover these special groups. College students belong to their home communities; but soldiers, criminals and the insane are counted where they are. Not a few Members of Congress, with large institutions in their districts, will find, on examination, that criminals and the insane figure heavily in the totals used as a basis for representation in Congress. Though counted, criminals and the insane have no vote, a fact which serves to reveal still another aspect in which Congress is not fully representative. For 90,000 voters in a district with 10,000 people in institutions have as much influence in Congress as 100,000 voters in a district unblessed with institutions.

CERTAIN groups lie beyond the regular beat of the census enumerator. The Bureau of Indian Affairs, for example, will make a count of Indians in Reservations. The State Department will list the American citizens employed in the foreign service of the Government. The Navy Department will check up those Americans on men-of-war afloat, and the Bureau of Lighthouses will count the men who maintain a lonely and inaccessible vigil on lightships and lighthouses. If a whole family is temporarily abroad on April 1, it will probably escape the count altogether. If one member is at home, he or she will be expected to give the data concerning the itinerant members.

The Census Bureau will again offer a proof of the old adage that you can't accept a woman's own version of her age. Census statistics prove that the saying rests on something more substantial than the peevish generalization of a misogy-

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nist. For both men and women, the age pyramid reveals a distinct bulge at such ages as 20, 25, 30, 35, and 40. People find it easier, or more convenient, it would appear, to give their ages in round numbers; easier, that is, to say 40 than 39, or 25 than 27. Note this, however: though a bulge exists on the male side, the bulge on the female side of the pyramid is far more pronounced. Certainly there can not be more women 40 years of age than 39, or 25 than 24, for death exacts each year its toll. Yet the bulges on the female side of the pyramid are perhaps its most striking feature. Men may prevaricate a bit about their ages, but women clearly have far less regard for the truth. The Census Bureau offers the mathematical proof of the fact, which we all knew, anyway.

AMERICAN women, it may be said, are not alone in this weakness. The age pyramids in the censuses in other countries reflect the same tendency. Here, in a word, the philosopher can find a universal trait in women! Curiously enough, there are fewer infants in the pyramid between birth and twelve months, than there are between one and two years. The heavy infant mortality rate tells us that here is an obvious misrepresentation of the facts. Census officials have no clear-cut explanation to suggest. It may take a year before a family really accepts a new arrival as a permanent entity. So when the census man comes round, the babe in arms fails to get in the picture. A child of two or three, however, is apt to be too lively to be ignored. "Remember the infants," therefore, is one of this year's admonitions.

Aside from serving as an inventory of our national resources, the census will shed light on some of the broader trends of our national life. It will reveal, for one thing, the relationship between urban and rural districts. In 1920, for the first time in our history, the urban population exceeded the rural. The same drift to the cities has continued, but a current in the opposite direction has likewise set in; namely, the exodus of city folks to country homes. How far has this latter tendency checkmated the former? The Fifteenth Census will give the answer. Politically, the census will have a real significance. For upon its findings will depend the reapportionment of the House of Representatives. Many States stand to lose a Representative or two, under the proposed reapportionment plan. A number of States, including California, stand to gain two or more members. The census will tell exactly where the gains and losses will be.

THE results of the census may even have a bearing upon the present balance of the political equilibrium between the Democratic and Republican parties. A State that suffers a loss of a couple of members will lose correspondingly in political power, and *vice versa*. This explains why certain sections are so much interested in the census. California and Florida want to claim as large a part of their temporary visitors as possible. Cities, too, are in competition for relative ranking, for size is synonymous with prestige.

The census again will emphasize anew the unrepresentative character of the United States Senate. Populous States like New York, Pennsyl-

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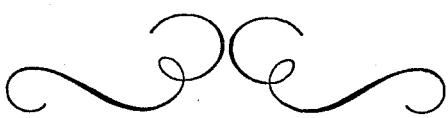
vania, Ohio and Illinois have but two Senators, in common with unpopulous Nevada and Wyoming. The big States are piling up population year after year, and the census is expected to point more sharply than ever to the extraordinary power wielded in the Senate by a group of smaller States whose combined population is hardly greater than New York or Pennsylvania.

Statistics are fallible, as the bulge in the age pyramid so well shows. The Director does not claim absolute exactness for his figures. Yet the Fifteenth Census taken in the aggregate will indicate to us trends in our life both significant and interesting. It will be a great national stock-taking, telling us, as Mr. Steuart says, "How many of us there are; what we do and how we do it." There is a human side about the census, separate and apart from mere figures and statistics. To gratify our curiosity about ourselves, will cost about $40,000,000, but this is only the price of a couple of cigars *per capita*. Facts are not free, but through the mass production methods of the Census Bureau we are going to get more facts than any other nation ever had, and as of any mass production article, the individual cost is small.



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"THEY"

By Elizabeth Robins Pennell

A cry of rebellion against the invisible powers of custom that hold America in thrall

After a long life and deep thought I have now come to the conclusion that today's much-vaunted love of liberty is sheer pose. We talk a great deal about it, sing of it in our national hymns, brag of ourselves as brave warriors in what Heine called the Battle of Freedom for Mankind. In the course of the centuries we have flung one crowned head after another into the rubbish heap, shattered the power of popes and prophets, made of government a plaything for the people. Therefore, we fondly believe that our old chains have been cast off and left us free as the air, our freedom a fine theme for after-dinner oratory at election time. But the truth is that the freer we unfortunate humans grow in name, the greater slaves we become in fact; the louder we boast of Liberty, the more strenuous are our struggles to avoid it, and to strengthen our fetters, to feel the yoke heavy on our shoulders.

It is not only that Democracy encourages new forms of tyranny until Nero and his kind seem amiable tyrants by comparison, not only that right arms fly up to hail a Mussolini, that the very ghost of the individual's liberty fades away under Socialism and Soviet rule. But everywhere — and nowhere more than in this Sweet Land of Liberty — greater power has been entrusted to those invisible tyrants who have held humanity in their grip ever since their first *tabu* was set upon the savage in the jungle. They command and everybody obeys, though who They are no one knows, does not as much as seek to know. Their grip has tightened in my own lifetime.

When I was young, the two great truths impressed upon me at school were my claim as a Christian to free will and my right as an American to independence. Nor was I allowed to forget them at home where my father, when my conduct displeased him, would amiably remind me that every man was free to go to Hell his own way. Today a father, were fatherly interference of any kind in fashion, would probably add a warning to his daughter that, if bent upon going to Hell, she should be careful to go the way They go. For, from the time we all get up in the morning until we all get into our beds at night, we accept

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Their orders without a murmur. What They wear, we wear; what They eat, we eat; what They think, we think; what They say, we say; what They read, we read; and it does not occur to us, miserable slaves that we are, to ask why. We may boldly give the battle-cry that I remember in a conspicuous place on the walls of a pioneer Woman's Club in London: "They say. What say They? Let Them say." But just let Them issue Their commands, and we submit like the little lambs we are.

HERE is a problem which I confess often moves me to meditation, and to meditate is not exactly the amusement of my choice. At first I sought the solution in the fact that ours is a mechanical age, and that we need not envy Britain if she does rule the waves, for America as certainly rules the machinery, which is far more important in our modern industrial system. During a hundred years and more machinery has been the chief factor in life, and has become so more ruthlessly with every day, until now it sets the standard and under its influence we are readier than ever to respond to the unseen motive powers that govern us.

Henry James used to say that the mission of America was to vulgarize the world. He should have said to standardize it, though I am not sure that the two words do not mean the same thing. We have accepted standardization as our chief aim and object, so whole-heartedly that the chances are, if we stopped to think about it, we would probably regret that machinery did not create us as well as our goods and chattels. With machines for fathers and mothers, our ambition must have been achieved, as we should then have been even more alike, one to another, than we are — as alike as are the guns with which we kill off our defenseless rum-runners or the glasses out of which we drink the liquor of those who luckily escape. As it is, if men and women everywhere vary in lesser details despite their desperate efforts not to, we go-ahead Americans are careful to see to it that nothing in our possession does.

FOR all our President may say to the contrary, we long since bade farewell to the old-fashioned individualism in ourselves and our belongings that was once our pride. We have now the comfortable certainty that wherever we may choose to travel in our great country, we shall find the same department stores, the same movies, the same radio, the same cafeterias, the same soda-water counters, the same chewing gum between our neighbor's teeth, the same hotels with the same cold storage on the dinner table and the same Bible in the bedroom, and, if we travel by road, the same gas stations and hot dogs, the same billboards blotting out the landscape. We feel it a tribute when so experienced a traveller as Paul Morand, arriving in a small Texas town just over the Mexican frontier, recognizes those signs by which he knows he is in America as surely as if he had landed at some great Atlantic or Pacific port or come with the bootlegger across the St. Lawrence. And innumerable are the other signs, as the foreigner who stays with us a while quickly discovers.

We all eat the same food, cold

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storage combined with tins having overthrown every barrier of climate and soil: California grapes and Oregon apples devoured in New York; Blue Points and Cape Cods feasted on in the heart of the Middle West no matter at what risk of ptomaine poisoning; okras and guavas and alligator pears domesticating themselves with more or less success in the Far North. If the old saying is true that to know what a man eats is to know what he is, it looks desperately as if the American had lost all the originality and incentive he or she ever had.

We read the same books and have invented Book Clubs to see that we do — one book a month our liberal allowance. What is more, we must all agree as to the merit of the book chosen if we would not be cast into the outer darkness into which I was plunged on my return to my native land after long years in London, where the joy was to disagree and argue. At home I found that the mildest suggestion of disagreement was a crime.

WE ALL smile for the camera until our Sunday pictorial supplements are enough to make us hang our heads with shame. Statesmen, meeting on business upon which the peace of the world is supposed to hang, grin at each other like Cheshire cats. Politicians, in and out of office, grin like so many clowns in the circus ring. Royalties grin, somewhat reluctantly I admit, as if with unfashionable regret for the dignity of their earlier pose. Not only children but grown-ups who ought to know better grin in ecstasy at the sight of food, as if gluttony were at once a virtue and a joke. Serious women committees of serious women's societies grin like so many idiots let loose from Bellevue or Bedlam. Authors grin to advertise their books. Musicians grin. Actors grin. Bankers grin. Everybody grins, until one might think a horrible grinning disease had swept the world, just as in the Middle Ages a dancing mania sent men, women and children twirling and pirouetting through Europe.

THE comic advertisement goes hand-in-hand with the universal grin. The child of my generation would have scorned the funny drawings against whose appeal even the most venerable miser is supposed now to be defenseless. Newspapers, magazines, circulars, catalogues, are filled with distorted figures, silly jokes, inane captions, that make one blush for the human race, and yet they are not relied upon in vain to loosen the most tightly knotted purse-strings. No matter how I feel about it, the fisherman is sure of his bait and Europe is fast following America's lead. I was convinced the end had come when, recently, I received a comic circular from a solemn English firm that I used to look upon as no less invulnerable than the Rock of Gibraltar, a firm of Purveyors to Royalty and the Nobility, a firm in whose shop of old it was almost an indiscretion to speak above a whisper. To those who know this old-fashioned type of English shop, its sudden outburst into a bacchanalia of mirth, an orgy of comic verse and comic illustration, must seem the beginning of the end of the British Empire. I may be old-fashioned, but

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the more They, the all-powerful, bid me laugh, the less potent grows the spell of laughter. When everybody wears the fool's cap and bells, the genuine fool has no longer a part to play.

I can not say just when They imposed the personal, free-and-easy, familiar advertisement or appeal upon us, but I do know that today every correct letter box is filled with letters beginning "My dear Friend" or "My dear Whatever-the-Name-May-Be," sent by every manner and kind of shopkeeper. Though we had not realized it before, laundresses and hotel managers, caterers and charity organizations, butchers and beauty-specialists, shipping agents and dealers in antiquities, are on the most intimate relations with us, all more certain of our urgent needs than we are ourselves, tumbling over each other's heels in their haste to supply them. Druggists are tickled to death to wait on us, ready to pop over with our wants at any hour, day or night. Real estate agents know long before we do not only that we mean to move in April or October but just the sort of apartment or house we want, and have it ready for us.

Our clubs rival our shops, promising us evenings of Blah, whatever that may mean, and Riotous Dances by Hilarious Hoofers. More serious appeals are brought by pieces of blotting paper, though, in my ignorance, I understand as little why blotting paper should carry an appeal of any kind as why slushy sentiment should be thought a more successful bid for charity than the old-fashioned plain statement of painful fact. Whatever the mysterious reason, They who rule us have decreed that these things shall be and against Their decrees we have no redress. We are not even allowed to cheer at a ball game until bidden by a cheer leader who could give points to the *claque* in a Paris theatre. We must all go in the same cars along the same roads to the same places for our holidays. But it is useless to multiply proofs of our sheep-like virtues. We have made of life a game of Follow-My-Leader, and at the first command of They-Who-Must-Be-Obeyed we fall meekly into line and go whithersoever we may be led.

As for the clothes we wear, we have never had a chance to assert ourselves or any individuality in the choice since Adam and Eve appeared in fig leaves. Attempts to revolt there have been — religious revolts: prophets in the wilderness clothing themselves in sheepskins, George Fox in the heart of civilized England taking to leather: æsthetic revolts, the Pre-Raphaelites exchanging Victorian hoops for shapeless gowns that clung; neo-Greek revolts, Isadora Duncan and her family fondly believing classical draperies appropriate to a smoke- and soot-laden atmosphere — endless revolts, none more pitiful and hopeless than today's when a not unexpected minority of women are crying out that the skirt shall not descend below the knee while the inexorable They say it shall, and it does in every shop window and on the great majority of women who would rather die than disobey.

And not only in our dress, but in our customs and manners must uniformity prevail. The *débutantes*, who

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one year shed all pretence of decorum in obedience to the unwritten law, will the next, when a new command is issued, become models of social propriety to their elders. A few years ago for anybody to be discovered in his or her cups was a social disgrace; today, with Prohibition, whoever seeks to follow the fashion would be drunk rather than sober.

For long most countries were too backward to question the laws of tradition. But now, everywhere standardization marches with great strides, American influence gradually reducing the rest of the world to the one pattern. Peasants' feet, that have gone bare, must be thrust into shoes, to their infinite discomfort. Turks must exchange the fez for fedoras or top hats and the Turkish script for European, thus losing the character that was the Turkish charm. Greeks must drop their skirts and swagger as best they may in reach-me-down trousers. Once dignified Moors must show all their teeth in the universal grin to keep up with western Kings and Presidents. And so it goes on until presently the traveller will not know by the clothes the people wear and the things they eat, and the pictures they look at in the movies, the music they listen to over the radio, whether he is in China or California, on the banks of the Mississippi or the shores of the Zuider Zee — if, indeed, any of the Zuider Zee remains to have shores for the traveller to wander on. Everywhere, from Pole to Pole, people will be as alike as the proverbial two peas.

Of course for men and women to emulate the sheep is no new thing. They always have since they first herded in self-defense against beasts stronger than themselves. The difference between the old dwellers in caves and the new dwellers in sky-scrapers is only one of degree, though this degree has been elaborated beyond belief by the ever-increasing efficiency of the machine. The greater the number of things made by a machine, the more of a machine does man himself become in the making of them. He can now order his days with more uniformity and less thought than ever before. Cave men were compelled to think occasionally; sky-scraper men can get along without thinking at all. In the machine shop one man with brains directs the thousands without, the thousands who turn something or screw something or open something or hammer something automatically, until the mental inertia conduced by the physical repetition destroys what little independence of thought and action they ever had. Men inevitably are growing more mechanical in a mechanical age, gradually living their life, as they carry on their life's job, without asking why. If the power of They-Who-Must-Be-Obeyed was established long before the first machine was invented, the machine has strengthened it a hundred fold.

The truth is, though we prefer to ignore it, the vast multitude of men in making machines of themselves are simply fulfilling their destiny. From the beginning they have rather liked to be ruled by tyrannical *tabus*, finding submission to any tyrant pleasanter and far less bother than defiance; they have rather liked

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to grasp at whatever it might be that has saved them from taking the initiative, from making the decision, from independent thought and action. The multitude have grovelled through every phase of fetishism or fashion for no better reason than because it is always easier to pass the buck — in this case to dump the burden of thinking on the exceptional man with brains equal to the responsibility.

THOMAS HARDY understood years before the present loud talk of our mechanical age and the machine-made. He kept his eyes open when he came up from Dorset for his yearly round of London drawing-rooms. "You may regard a throng of people as containing a certain small minority who have sensitive souls, these and the aspect of these being what is worth observing," he jotted down in his Diary for future reflection. "So you divide them into the mentally unquickened, mechanical, soulless; and the living, throbbing, suffering, vital. In other words, into souls and machines, ether and clay." There you have it in a few simple words. Most men are machines in the social world as truly as the machines in the machine shop. They could not originate anything if they wanted to, and they never have wanted. It is all sentimental nonsense, this benevolent talk of the People and the Voice of the People. The People do not count, except as pawns in the scheme of the universe. Read any history and the truth is obvious.

Not so long since, historians discovered that history had never yet been written from the standpoint of the people — the machines — and promptly the study of the past from this angle was begun. But all that has emerged from the new method is the story through the centuries of nameless flocks following close at the heels of a few shepherds with names that live because they could manage the silly human sheep, always as lacking in initiative as the machine-made sheep in the Noah's Ark of the nursery. It is impossible to get away from this division, however great have been the changes wrought by time and revolution. The so-called Liberty of today, no less than the Tyranny of yesterday, continues to divide men into Souls and Machines — Ether and Clay.

OLD governments are overturned, new governments are formed, but the new leader who springs up from the ranks is as tyrannical as the tyrant he has succeeded, or more so. A new manager is in control of the machine shop, that is all. However the leaders may change, the human Machines are still nameless, they still turn and screw and lift and hammer in obedience to the Souls as they did under the old régime, under every régime since man was created. However hard the people may have fought for liberty, they would quickly have gone astray after securing it had there been no master mind to keep them to the straight path. The rank and file have no more individuality than the sheep in the meadows, no greater claim to be remembered as individuals. They would never have emerged from their caves except at the bidding of the few born to originate, to lead, to command.

It is not necessary to pose as erudite, to quote incidents and names

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from history, to prove my point. A more convincing proof could not be had than one in the memory of all save the youngest: the war that was to end war is not yet altogether forgotten. And what happened then? The multitude of machines in khaki and helmets did the fighting, and they went down into their graves silent and forgotten. The remembered names are those of the officers and the three who, at Versailles, created a new world out of the horrors of "Armageddon." And in this new world the future historian will be concerned not with the people — the human machines — but with the individuals who forced their brand of freedom upon the crowd, with Lenin, Trotsky, Mussolini, and they surely, whether for good or ill, are as relentless despots as ever lived.

Well, the more it changes, the more it is the same thing; though in the change of our day I am conscious of a serious difference. Hitherto the people and their visible rulers did not sacrifice their respect for the still higher, invisible Powers whose temple is the Unknown and before whose shrine the veil has never been lifted. They-Who-Must-Be-Obeyed retained throughout Their grip upon unresisting humanity. But today, at times, I fancy I see the thin end of the wedge, the threat as it were of modern machinery to dethrone Them, even as prophet has dethroned prophet until we are now left the choice between Mrs. Eddy and Krishnamurti. Or else, at other times, I ask myself if perhaps the machine is not the incarnation of They, They made manifest, the better to regulate our lives, govern our movements, provide our amusements — the machine with which we can no longer dispense either in our hours of play or our hours of work. The Black Shirts may muster round Mussolini at the first sound of his summons, but it would take a stronger tyrant to cry halt to our mechanical age, to stop the machinery upon which we depend and to deliver us from its clutch.

Here is a problem made to the hand of our historians and philosophers, to whom I quite cheerfully relinquish it, though, personally, I am inclined to accept my theory of incarnation and, what is more, I can explain why. Hitherto a man has been needed behind the machine. Today, to such an extent is the machine asserting itself that the positions are reversed and my fear is that presently the machine will be needed behind the man. It is threatening not solely to dominate its victim, the human machine, but to become the rival, even, who can say? the partner, the companion of the Soul, the Superman, in Bernard Shaw's more familiar word.

Our machine-made music and our machine-made plays were at first a surprise, a novelty, a marvel. But soon they became a habit, were taken for granted no less than the music in the concert hall, the play in the theatre. By many they were preferred, as ears became accustomed to canned song and symphony, eyes to the crudities of the camera, for the multitude, since the beginning of time, have always rejoiced in the wrong thing when the choice was given them. It is the old story of the Children of Israel in the desert trust-

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ingly exchanging Jehovah for the Golden Calf. The multitude managed to put up with art and literature until the cheap and nasty came along, singing the folk-songs the musician now revives for their charm, patronizing the miracle plays the impresario now converts into pageants, accepting Giotto and Bellini because the chromo as yet was not. There was for long no choice. It was the multitude's misfortune to be obliged to endure what was fine and beautiful until the machine substituted the vulgar and the ugly.

Had the triumph of the machine halted here, the outlook might not be too alarming, so little have the human machines contributed to the development of the race. But should the machine conquer the Souls, then disaster lies ahead of us. I can but tremble, foreseeing as I do the degradation, destruction and death that must come from any further increase in the neatness and dispatch with which the machine does its work, any growth in our dependence upon it. Already, I am told, it measures out the anæsthetic for the patient about to go under the knife. Already robots change money for us and say "Thank You" for being allowed to. Already other robots run our engines, pilot our planes, regulate our traffic, go lecturing through the country. Already the scientist threatens to create life synthetically in the laboratory and with his success man, hampered by emotions and the knowledge of good and evil, will cease to be in the running. They-Who-Must-Be-Obeyed, before incarnation, never aspired to such a display of human talents. They were content to remain an invisible influence controlling man, never to become his visible rival. Should the progress of the machine continue at the same incredible rate, nobody can prophesy what the end will be.

MAN took millions of years to reach the stage where he could invent the machine. In comparison, the machine has been next to no time in achieving its all but human, perhaps superhuman, perfection. Frankenstein created his monster and then wished he had not, for he could not rid himself of it. If his fate awaits our leaders, what of the led? Here, indeed, is a dilemma that gives furiously to think.

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Sure Cures for All Ailments

By T. Swann Harding

The story of medical quackery at war with Government regulation

Medical quackery and food adulteration are ancient Anglo-Saxon heritages. They are part and parcel of our biological being. Furthermore, not only have we, as a race, hankered for charlatanism and adulterations of sorts; we have insisted upon them as our inalienable right and have resisted, with noble flares of high dudgeon, the efforts made by any government to deprive us of fake remedies and of foods which are not what they seem.

Smollett's lovable and notoriously frank character, Matt. Bramble, in *Humphrey Clinker*, attests the character of London food at about the time our ancestors began to struggle for life, liberty, and the pursuit of money, in some of the following words. Some of the other words have been deleted as unfit for the eyes of an anæmic and somewhat emasculated modern age:

"In an action at law, laid against a carman for having staved a cask of port, it appeared from the evidence of the cooper that there were not above five gallons of real wine in the whole pipe, which held above a hundred, and even that had been brewed and adulterated by the merchant at Oporto," or, as the gentleman has it elsewhere, "balderdashed with cyder, corn-spirit, and the juice of sloes." He continues: "The bread I eat in London is a deleterious paste, mixed up with chalk, alum, and bone-ashes; insipid to the taste, and destructive to the constitution. The good people are not ignorant of this adulteration; but they prefer it to wholesome bread, because it is whiter than the meal of corn: thus they sacrifice their taste and their health, and the lives of their tender infants, to a most absurd gratification of a mis-judging eye; and the miller, or baker, is obliged to poison them and their families, in order to live by his profession."

In the Eighteenth Century the British Parliament munificently paid to Joanna Stephens the sum of five thousand pounds for a secret nostrum to dissolve urinary calculi, which turned out to be a powder prepared from snails, carrot seed, burdocks and haw, burned black, mixed with soap and honey, and taken internally. Dr. James Graham established his Temple of Health on the

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Thames in 1780. It was elaborately outfitted and furnished, and his fee was a guinea; he sold an Elixir of Life which he would supply to any individual for one thousand pounds — until their death! He also had a wedding-bed for newly married couples; the fee was one hundred pounds per night and the result was guaranteed to be beautiful and accomplished progeny. Finally, Berkeley's tar water "cured" halitosis, weak voice, withered limbs, hydrophobia, scurvy, brain concussion, gout, yellow fever, deafness, smallpox, erysipelas, painful ulcers, consumptive coughs, asthma, dropsy and indigestion, while Carlyle's wife, as well as George Washington, found in Perkin's magnetizers and similar appliances great therapeutic aid and comfort.

However, many people declare we have a Pure Food and Drug Law today; it must be enforced; it probably has driven every form of adulteration from the market; perhaps it has definitely cured this Anglo-Saxon of belief in what is not so; anyway we can heave stertorous sighs of relief. Others, of course, fancy that the Food and Drug Law is no longer enforced, since its officials are not in the newspapers every day; but they know that this is an age of science, and that, with the wide dissemination of knowledge we have at present, people are no longer sufficiently ill-informed or idiotic to believe in fake remedies.

It might, therefore, be well to direct their attention momentarily to reducing agencies — first to one exposed in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* for July 21, 1928 (page 190), which admonished the buyer to invest $15 in "nature's way." This cream, which might be rubbed into any part of the body and thereby reduced it to quantitative normalcy, was especially recommended to those who had been deluded by "false and dangerous methods" of defeating avoirdupois. It reversed the natural processes of metabolic fat storage unless you were too thin; then it built you up. It was, of course, a "simple and harmless formula, yet highly specialized by an able chemist, after years of research and patient experimentation." Following all this it will be interesting to consider the composition of the faultless remedy. It contained white petrolatum (vaseline), mineral oil, beeswax, epsom salts, bicarbonate of soda, powdered alum and a little perfume. The rest may as well be silence.

Such frauds as these, unfortunately, do not come unquestionably under the interdictions of our Food and Drug Law, but it is a fact that the Food and Drug Administration of the Department of Agriculture is exposing similar frauds every day of its existence. For instance, it recently conducted a nation-wide survey of the alleged medical activity of so-called radio-active waters and preparations. The products examined included hair tonics, bath compounds, suppositories, tissue creams, tonic tablets, face powders, ointments, mouth washes, demulcents, opiates, ophthalmic solutions, healing pads, and various other preparations in liquid, solid, or semi-solid form for which therapeutic value was claimed on a basis of radio activity. And with what result? Only five per cent of the products examined con-

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tained sufficient radium to have therapeutic value, and then only under very limited conditions.

Enough has been said to show that belief in the impossible is almost an instinct in our race. Any agency, therefore, which seeks to control this instinct, or to deprive it of its desires, will be bound to incur a great deal of hatred and contempt. So great is the ability of the ordinary person, and we are all that, to believe wishfully and to place confidence in suggested ideas, that experienced jurists despair of the human word, and declare that the testimony of the most sincerely honest eye-witnesses is seldom fifty per cent correct, while scientists themselves are often betrayed into most absurd positions and statements.

THEREFORE when certain Southern gentlemen gather themselves together and form a company to market in interstate commerce the curative soil from a Southern mountain, we need a Government organization to see what is what. Buyers were admonished to soak the soil in water for a few hours and then to drink the water to cure all their ills. But impartial scientific investigation demonstrated that the soil contained no unusual or curative minerals, and the fraud was denied the market. That case was quite a simple one of the exploitation of human credulity and aroused little organized hostility, save that emitted by the Southern gentlemen.

Repression in such instances as the two hundred and forty-five rheumatism "cures" investigated during 1928–1929 is attended with much complaint because certain unscrupulous manufactures are enriching themselves by selling such "cures." They arise together, howl in unison and cry Liberty! Liberty! in a most affecting way. For instance, in late 1928 and early 1929 there was an epidemic of influenza. Almost immediately there appeared upon the market some eight hundred preparations sold as cures or preventives of influenza, grippe, or pneumonia. Ultimately the Food and Drug Administration deemed products subject to seizure when prominently labeled on bottle, box, or carton as being a competent treatment for those diseases. This was done because it constituted "hoodwinking the public, a large fraction of which is gullible when its health is concerned, into a false feeling of security" upon taking a perfectly useless remedy.

"ANOTHER type of deceit practised in connection with the sale of so-called cures and preventives of influenza, grippe, and pneumonia is the false advertising in newspapers and magazines. The labels of many preparations are in perfect compliance with the law, making no therapeutic claim that might not reasonably be expected to be met by a combination of the ingredients used, but the advertisements for these same preparations, spread flamboyantly over whole pages of magazines, trade journals, and newspapers, and broadcast by radio, show much less restraint. Many of these advertisements do not hesitate to state unqualifiedly that the products in question can prevent or cure influenza, grippe, and pneumonia and

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certain other diseases." Then, in the official report, follows a sentence that the American people should attend, for the Drug Law was passed to protect them and they should be aware of its enforcement and also of its limitations. The sentence is: "This kind of misrepresentation can not be reached under the Federal Food and Drugs Act as it now stands." Let that be remembered.

Two matters of importance now concern us: 1. — How did the drug and pharmaceutical trade, particularly the manufacturers of proprietary remedies, respond to these enforcement acts of the officials in charge? 2. — Upon what is the attitude of the enforcement officials based when they concern themselves with "cures" of the type mentioned above?

First, then, *The Journal of the National Association of Retail Druggists*, issue of August 8, 1929, carried an editorial discussion of "bureaucratic encroachment upon legitimate business," and demanded "a return to reason and common sense in the interpretation" of the law. It held that the officials in making their rulings stretched their imagination beyond reasonable bounds and refused "to accept the testimony of many persons obviously well qualified to speak intelligently and with authority concerning the efficacy of such preparations in the treatment of colds, influenza, and grippe." The officials were said to be guided "by their own peculiar notions regarding the therapeutic value of certain drugs" and the editor posed, of course, among "persons of average intelligence and reasonably sound judgment." Having said this in two columns and a half of hysterical rhetoric, the editor then proposed his scientific test for the therapeutic value of a drug. It is as follows:

"While this theory (of the officials) may be in line with the present tendency among higher-ups in medicine, it is surely not in keeping with the experience of retail druggists generally throughout the country who, by reason of closer contact with the public and the sale of many household remedies, are certainly in a position to learn the truth concerning the value of many preparations which these self-styled modernists would keep beyond the reach of the laity." In brief the product the public buys to the druggist's profit is therapeutically sound. Further profane or secular exegesis would be irreverent here. With a final admonition to the drug trade to fight the "ridiculous, unjust and wholly unwarranted rulings" of the Administration with a united front, the editorial closes with a flourish.

Then against what sort of products does the Administration proceed so drastically? I quote a few instances from a Department of Agriculture press release dated November 8, 1929. There I find cited as frauds "Bowman's Abortion Remedy," labeled to stop abortion in cattle and consisting of brown sugar and wheat bran; "Kopp's Baby's Friend," recommended for infants one week old and containing morphine sulphate; "Arium Tablets" for stomach, nerve, blood, liver, kidney, glandular, sexual, and rheumatic ailments, and consisting of

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lithium carbonate, starch and talc, with an inconsequential trace of radium; "Norma" for high blood pressure and consisting of phosphates, glycerine, water, and a red dye; "B-L," the blood builder, consisting of Epsom salts dissolved in water, colored red, and tinctured with a dash of iron, quinine and strychnine; "Giles Germicide and Blood Purifier" for rheumatism, asthma, catarrh, throat "trouble," blood and skin diseases, stomach and bowel diseases, consumption, pneumonia, pleurisy, paralysis and syphilis, and consisting of some camphor and ether dissolved in linseed oil. These will do for the present. Should such stuff be run off the market, or shouldn't it?

THE attitude of protest is quite epidemic in part of the drug trade today. *The Oil, Paint and Drug Reporter* declares that "Millions of persons are being assisted to recover from minor ailments every day by drugs which officially are useless, even dangerous, when so employed." Return to the beginning of this paper and observe that the most grotesque agencies always have helped the easily cured. *Drug Markets* (June, 1929), under the editorial caption, "Nothing But Confusion," remarks that "The way to stop this sort of thing (i.e., departmental regulatory work which is a trifle too efficient for comfort), but at the same time not weaken the enforcement of the Food and Drugs Act, is to change the method of its administration." This again speaks for itself. These protests, according to editorial comment reprinted in *Standard Remedies* for July, 1929, are made against the departmental habit of assuming that "because no drug or combination of drugs is itself sufficient to effect a cure in the majority of cases of an ailment" it is wrong for such drugs or drug combinations to be sold as remedies. Comment would again be sacrilege.

FINALLY, *Drug Markets* for August, 1929, had a few frenzied words to say which should interest the American public. It is suggested editorially that "temporary relief" from onerous law enforcement might be gained if a certain vivacious, acutely perspicacious, and intensely active official would resign! But, says the aggrieved editor, this would be a manifest misfortune because what is really needed is "a change in the method of enforcement." Therefore let active officials continue their drastically good work until the united drug trade forces the United States Food and Drug Administration to adopt regulatory methods less menacing to the pocketbooks of those who deal in proprietary remedies. This is very definitely the attitude of a large and powerful set of trade and industrial interests, who are determined that the Administration must cease to be guided by scientific fact in its acts.

The words "scientific fact" are used advisedly. The officials of the Government are really not guided by that tenuous, etiolated, and diaphanous thing called "modern medical opinion" in these matters. The doctors themselves are so frequently contradictory that modern medical opinion is rather a shadow than a reality. The officials take action on the basis of scientific fact. The question is not

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one of the thousand and one remedies suggested and prescribed by physicians to remedy colds or rheumatism, but the simple scientific fact that there is no known drug remedy and that the public can not be depended upon to distinguish between such phrases as "remedy for" and "recommended for," or "useful in the treatment of" or "indicated for" when it buys a proprietary.

In *The New Republic* for January 30, 1929, Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, wrote on "The Facts About Influenza." He said: "The only possible scientific advice relative to the care of the disease is essentially simple, since there are no specific measures and since the condition must be handled as the various symptoms develop." These measures include isolation, lying abed, warm drinks such as hot lemonade, hot water bags, plenty of water and light nourishment only as desired by the patient. He also demonstrated that very little is really known about this disease which Mrs. Thomas Carlyle in 1847 declared to be merely a name adopted "to call all sorts of ailments people are liable to have in cold weather . . . so that one sort of treatment may serve for all," thus greatly simplifying medical practice — an anecdote effectively told by Dr. Fishbein.

AGAIN, at a Washington conference of State and municipal health officers held January 10, 1929, nine points of advice for avoiding colds, influenza and their serious sequels, including pneumonia, were formulated. Drug remedies went unmentioned, except that laymen were very specifically warned against so-called preventives and drugs, vaccines and sera advertised to remedy colds. There the matter stands today, *scientifically*. This decidedly does not mean that doctors use no drug remedies for such conditions. They do. When the editor of a drug journal had druggists in various parts of the country send him in copies of prescriptions from different doctors for such respiratory affections, their number and their variety were simply astounding. But we must give the doctor the benefit of the doubt. However ill-organized the profession — and so long as it is disorganized it can never practise medicine scientifically — doctors, as individuals, have more training in the combat of disease than laymen and are, often with the utmost sincerity, doing the very best they can under most unpropitious conditions to discover something which will aid their patients.

THE point is this: The American public wants protection against useless or fraudulent remedies. The Food and Drug Law was passed to provide that protection. It is rather narrowly limited and needs amendment to widen its scope. It is, however, being enforced quite efficiently, as complaints from trade journals plainly indicate. This enforcement is based upon scientific fact; where no universally recognized cure for a condition exists the Administration accepts that fact and acts accordingly. Certain manufacturers and retail druggists are determined to take advantage of every loophole in order to foist upon the general public remedies of doubtful value, which

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are dangerous, because the public is easily fooled, and has what is almost an instinct to believe devoutly in the impossible.

It should also be stated that the policy of the American Pharmaceutical Manufacturer's Association differs sharply from that of producers of fraudulent proprietary remedies. At its Washington meeting in December, 1929 (*Oil, Paint and Drug Reporter*, December 23, 1929, page 21), this reputable association created a committee to act as its contact agency with Government enforcement officials; it also went on record as favoring the enactment of an amendment to make the labeling provision of the Food and Drugs Act apply to advertising and to have enforcement vested in the Food and Drug Administration rather than the Federal Trade Commission. It indeed felt that drug manufacturers would do well to take the initiative in getting such legislation enacted, as it could only accrue to the benefit of reputable, ethical manufacturers. Finally, the general counsel of the Association, Charles Wesley Dunn, endorsed the Administration's past policies and expressed agreement in all essential details.

THE Food and Drug Administration rightly takes action against frauds. The trade resents such an official attitude because, as Smollett said, it holds "all regulation inconsistent with liberty," and the people seem to believe with them, in this land of rampant individualism, that "every man ought to live in his own way, without restraint." In its protests a part of the drug trade found itself upon the pseudo-scientific principle that any "remedy" which sells well is therefore therapeutically sound. The Administration denies this, and the belligerent protestants are determined to put a stop to efficient regulatory work on the part of the Administration either by legislative emasculation of the Food and Drugs Act or by having less active men appointed to enforce the law less stringently. Left to itself the public seems bent on investing in the most ridiculous fake stocks, adulterated foods, will-power courses, "psychology" bunk, or fraudulent drug remedies.

THE question arises: Does the intelligent public, when the situation is directly presented to it, desire to be bunked? Does it desire powerful agencies to impair the value of the Food and Drugs Act? Would it prefer to buy articles which are truthfully labeled, or to buy capriciously and without scientific guidance? Was Carlyle right when he said the public is an ass, or isn't it better for the Government to regulate food and drug products to the end that we who constitute the public can buy exactly what we want without fear of fraud or adulterations?

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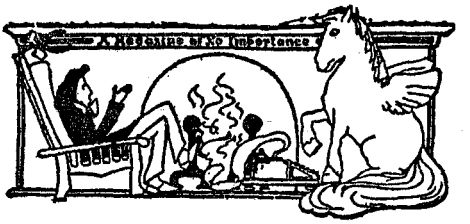

Stuff and Nonsense

By Donald Rose

A Monthly Magazine of No Importance, Dealing Lightly with Matters Pertinent and Profound, and Weightily with Those of No Consequence Whatever

APRIL, 1930 VOL. 6, NUMBER 4

OUR AMAZING INTERLUDE IN APPLIED ANTHROPOLOGY

The anthropological excursion which resulted in the discoveries here disclosed was a private expedition, sponsored jointly by the Nineteenth Amendment and the High Cost of Living. Its ostensible intention was to establish a vegetable garden, and make the desert of our suburban estate blossom like a seed catalogue or approximately so. It set forth with no fuss or fury, armed only with spade and fork and a piece of string, and there was nothing to mark it as different from the fruitless forays of other spring seasons, all of which have returned in mid-August with a mess of beans, an emaciated cucumber and very little else indeed. But this one was destined to be different.

We were digging alone in the garden, weary and stiff in the knees, thinking of planting potatoes and possibly beans and peas, when of a sudden our spade stopped short, striking us severely in the stomach with the handle and grating most unpleasantly with the blade. We knew at once, with that intuition characteristic of the successful scientist, that we had struck bone. A lightning-like association of sensations made us think of Sunday dinner, and we knew we had struck bone.

Our first unworthy thought was that this was just another cat. One must be very careful when digging in our yard because of the practically inexhaustible supply of cats in the neighborhood, all of which seem to burrow eventually beneath the surface of our garden and die there. But scientific curiosity soon determined that this was no cat. It was a skull, a human skull, or something very like it. Not altogether complete, perhaps, and somewhat dented by the spade, but yet manifestly a skull. Not even the casual observer could have mistaken it, for instance, for a set of false teeth or the footprint of a dinosaur. It was a skull, and we needed no testimony of experts in scullery to tell us so.

We stood there a while like Hamlet and pondered the skull, holding the pose until we could remember no more of Shakespeare's immortal comments on a similar discovery. We then began to be aware that this was no ordinary skull. It seemed singularly unlike any skulls among our immediate acquaintance, including our own. And in no time at all we were running eagerly toward the house and *The Encyclopædia Britannica*, realizing that we had spaded up a genuine, primordial, antediluvian, prehistoric and paleontological skull, a little second-hand, perhaps, but otherwise in surprisingly good condition.

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We were remarkably pleased about it, and managed even to infect the family with some of our enthusiasm, particularly after we had washed the skull with laundry soap. We were delighted to think that we had made this discovery practically at our own doorstep, whereas ordinary anthropological expeditions invariably go off to the Gobi desert or the interior of China or other uncomfortable places where nobody can keep an eye on them. We have no idea why scientists consider one place any better than another for discovering things, nor do we think they have either, but a scientific expedition is never considered to amount to much unless it gets lost or tries to. We now believe, in fact, that you are just as likely to find the Missing Link under your own front porch as in the Sahara.

But we hasten to announce our conviction that this particular skull is not the Missing Link, nor any part of it. For that matter, we don't believe the Missing Link is really missing at all. It is probably under the bureau with the missing stud and the missing cuff button, and the wife will possibly find it when she is spring cleaning. No, this is not the Missing Link. But it is certainly an important and hitherto unsuspected specimen in the series of anthropological exhibits which indicate the rise of *homo sapiens* from the Catarhini or the Platyrhini — or a couple of other fellows — up to and including Eddie Cantor and Clarence True Wilson. And it proves once more that we have come a long, long way, even if we haven't got far.

This skull was discovered in the little sylvan and suburban community of Bryn Athyn, Pennsylvania, which is important only because it proves conclusively that it must be the Bryn Athyn Man or *Homo Bryn Athiensis*. It could not be the Java Man, or it would obviously have been found in Java. For similar reasons it could not be the Neanderthal Man nor the Peking Man nor the Piltdown Man. It is none of them, and if it were, we wouldn't bother with it.

The characteristic features of this skull — if a skull can strictly be said to have features — are numerous and interesting. There are, for instance, the frontal ridges. Perhaps we should explain that the frontal ridges are the ridges which are in front, as distinguished from the ridges which are in back. Everybody, of course, has frontal ridges, but nice people do not talk about them, at least in the presence of the children. But in the privacy of your own boudoir you may get the idea by raising the eyebrows and lowering the scalp, which immediately results in ridges. If you don't get it at first, just practise a while in front of a mirror until you make yourself sick.

The frontal ridges are very marked in *Homo Bryn Athiensis*, which shows either that he took snuff or was overtaken by death while wrinkling his brows over his income tax return. Equally significant is a long crack down the centre of the skull. After consultation with Professors Finkeldey, Pendelton et Al — and particularly Al — we are convinced that this represents a prehistoric passion for crossword puzzles or some paleontological effort to understand the philosophy, if any, of Dr. Will Durant. Or possibly something else.

A close examination of the skull reveals that the ears are missing. This is unfortunate but not unusual in second-hand skulls and need not interrupt our scientific speculations. The inclination of the temporal bones and some details in the nasal phalanges strongly suggest that *Homo Bryn Athiensis* had developed unusually large ears — possibly as large as those of an ass or domestic donkey. The talking pictures, obviously, are older than we suspected. The jaw is also missing and all the teeth but one, while the cheek bones have been mashed as though by a steam shovel or an argument over prohibition. In other words, this is — anthropologically speaking — one of the most perfect and well preserved prehistoric specimens in the world; much more so, for instance, than the *Pithecanthropus Erectus* of Trinil, Java, who is one of the most fragmentary females imaginable.

We shall not trouble you now with the story of our reconstruction of the rest of the skull, including arms, legs and incidentals. It is known to be a trifling matter for scientists like us to reconstruct a set of legs, once we have agreed among ourselves whether to reconstruct a man, a marmoset or an elephant. In this case there was positively no point in reconstructing an elephant, and we are therefore agreed that *Homo Bryn Athiensis* wore number 9 shoes and favored a little the corns on his right foot. We leave these less important matters and come to the question of the cube content.

According to Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn,

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who must be an important product of evolution or he could never have been elected president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the brain cube of man a million years ago was not much worse than that of our neighbors or the iceman, or even of Dr. Osborn himself. He has said he is convinced that the Cro-Magnons — of whom we have always been very fond — "were our superiors both in average brain capacity and in average artistic ability." Our own studies in last season's Christmas cards incline us to agree with him. And this is important to the classification of our own squarehead, the *Homo Bryn Athiensis*, whose brain cube is nothing to brag about. He could never, for instance, wear our hat. We wear a modest seven and five-eighths, and this chap would have smothered in it. His skull was larger than that of a monkey, so long as you don't use too large a monkey for comparison, but he was at least a pint below our own cerebral content and that must mean something. Figure it out for yourself.

The only conclusion we care to make on the matter is that *Homo Bryn Athiensis* dates a long way back — five million or fifty million years at least — what's a few million among friends or evolutionists? This business of evolution, in fact, has been going on for longer than we care to think about, and sometimes, after an evening at the movies, it seems like an awful waste of time. But it is a fascinating study and delicately flattering to our pride of family and self-esteem. It is inspiring, also, to reflect that the product of evolution has acquired, just in the past generation or so, the ability to reflect upon his own creation, exactly as if a typewriter should suddenly start to spell out the story of its own manufacture. It just shows what we scientists can do when we put our mind to it and want to get our names in the papers.

And on the other hand, there is nothing like evolution to counsel humility and reverence to the heart and mind of man. A really thoughtful evolutionist never opens an oyster without the sweet and solemn thought that he practically is intruding on the privacy of an ancestor, and we ourselves can not look our prehistoric skull in the eye-socket without thinking of our sins. And since we find it such uplifting and edifying company we shall take no notice of the jealous canards of certain of our brother scientists, who have scandalously asserted that this is really the skull of a St. Bernard goat or the remains of a shoulder of lamb. If we scientists don't stick together, we shall all be stuck together. And anyway, we don't insist that we have solved to a finish the problem of the origin of man. According to Dr. Osborn, the question has been on the docket for fifty million years or more already, so it can wait a little longer until we are done with this cold in the head and can give it our undivided attention.

These Candid Confessionals

There has been some outbreak of concern among our best people, whether in Boston or elsewhere, over the periodical publication and apparent popularity of certain confessional documents, whose tone and topics are much in the mood of a nasty-minded chambermaid peeking through keyholes. We have heard in turn from "Ex-Wife," a lady afflicted with the disposition of a tramp and the indeterminate morality of an alley cat; from "Ex-Husband," who walked the tightrope of social satire with the tread of an elephant; and from "Ex-Mistress," who apparently believes that two bad turns deserve another. Presumably we have still to hear from "Ex-Widow," "Ex-Sweetheart," "Ex-Midwife," and possibly "Ex-Garbage Man," until all possibilities of connubial recollection and repentance are exhausted.

In Boston and the Customs Service of the United States, books like these are bothersome and seem to cry aloud for classification on one side of respectability or the other. This burden of responsibility is part of the price which pious people pay for trying to lay a deadline along the shores of polite literature. There can be no such thing, though there are foul and filthy books and writings which are rightly despised of all decent people. But the censor who prowls along the borderland rarely accomplishes anything except to make himself ridiculous.

There is a modern prayer among authors and publishers: "Oh that mine enemy would suppress my book!" It begins to dawn upon the patient public that to damn a book for daring or indecency or an over-fragrant discussion of the perfectly familiar facts of life, is to pave its author's pathway to perdition with royalty checks, which is by no means the intention. The effect of such righteous in-

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dignation is not unlike the subtle sign, "For Men Only," which has fooled so many patrons of county fairs and is not unknown in the modern circus of motion pictures. It is like the red rag which will bait some species of poor fish to swallow anything.

The real prospect of relief from the pseudo-pornographic type of literature which is well within the law but equally well beyond the bounds of good taste, is that it becomes eventually as tiresome as the lurid conversation of a travelling salesman. We can personally imagine no less cheerful company on a desert island than a five-foot shelf of books devoted entirely to squaring the hypotenuse of the matrimonial triangle. And we should also like to send Ex-Wife and Ex-Husband together on a long walking trip through the Adirondacks and see which was the first to throw the other off a mountain into a patch of poison ivy or a den of hedgehogs. People with such a special gift for boring the neighbors should get together and work at it.

The Price of Eggs

No matter for what reason, I went down lately into the hinder parts of New Jersey, a section sprinkled fairly freely with those stalwart citizens who build and bulwark the traditions of our great republic. Nothing came of it, except that I learned something concerning the price of eggs.

I had hitherto taken no thought to it, but had assumed that an egg was just an accident which happened to a hen and which man in his wisdom had turned to good account. I liked eggs and even admired and respected them, but had never suspected them of economic implications. I had never reckoned them as the products of a great industry, based on the law of supply and demand and overshadowed by cost accounting and the stock market. I had no idea that the price of eggs was anything but a figure of speech and a minor curse of light housekeeping.

But one evening in the great egg belt changed all that. It also made me thoroughly egg-conscious, so that I shall never again be able to look a poached egg in the eye without a wince of economic anxiety. Did this egg come from a happy hen-house and a contented chicken-coop? Was the hen who laid it well rewarded for her willing sacrifice? Did the faithful farmer who cared for her get his full share of recompense for all his labors and distresses? Is this egg a symbol of prosperity or is it under the curse of business depression?

I usually get no answer to my curiosity concerning my matutinal mess of eggs, for an egg is possibly the most non-committal of all members of the animal kingdom. But these questions are none the less real and earnest, as I found out in the poultry paradise of South Jersey. Everything is secondary there to the price of eggs. Everything is important there or otherwise according to the price of eggs. The price of eggs is the barometer of business and the pressure gauge of prosperity. It is the hub and axis of the solar system and all local galaxies.

The stock market's crash rolled thunderously through Wall Street and all its lesser imitations, and echoed for weeks in the halls of Congress. It shook the studied calm of the Republican Party and upset ten thousand private applecarts. But its ultimate reverberations were heard in the hen-houses of Jersey. Despite the favoring circumstances of bad weather in the West and war in China, eggs dropped steadily by the week. The brave little hens cackled courageously in the face of calamity, like so many newspaper editors with advertising acreage to sell, but nickels dropped steadily from the dozen price until there was little but nickels left. And all, it seems, because the big business man had lost his appetite for breakfast.

There was some talk this winter in Washington of adjusting the tariff, that amazing device for patching the wheels of progress so that they will run another season. What has the tariff to do with the price of eggs? Apparently it has no other real importance whatever. If feed goes up while eggs go down, the end of the world is in sight. If the cost of crates and cartons goes up one nickel while eggs go down two, then the hen is wasting her time. If there is to be no tariff protection against kippers and English marmalade, how can the domestic hen maintain her supremacy at the American breakfast table?

There was some rumor in Jersey of a naval parley in London and an expedition to the South Pole. But they were minor matters; they had nothing to do with the price of eggs. Neither had the problem of Russian recognition, except in so far as it was necessary to keep Communism from the chicken coop, which is apparently a matter of sufficient

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oyster shells and charcoal. But prohibition was a problem of importance and concern. It was generally accounted a failure, having been signally unsuccessful so far in diverting the nation's corn crop from its more reprehensible employments into chicken feed. And Republicanism was on the wane and Democracy in the ascendant, in joint protest by fowl and farmer against the price of eggs.

One does not learn these things by any dilettante dabbling in poultry farming, nor by maintaining a couple of household hens to deprive a deserving garbage collector of his visible means of support. My own experience had taught me none of them, though it had involved some other lessons. I once kept chickens, though not for long. I was led into it by circumstances and my natural gift for getting into trouble. I had space to spare, otherwise useless except as an emergency landing field for airplanes. I had garbage, I had a roll of wire netting. It seemed logical to keep chickens.

I realize now that I might have saved time and money by buying a few dozen second-rate eggs and setting the cat on them, but in my optimistic innocence I bought two dozen baby chicks and went after experience with live bait. I carried them home in person and an ordinary hand bag, and all survived the trip except one little fellow who grieved overmuch for his incubator and passed away before we reached city limits. The other twenty-three I put in a washtub beside the radiator, providing them generously with shells and sand and worms and garden seeds and all the other things that chickens eat, and scrupulously shielding them from draughts, the children and the household cat.

They immediately started to peep, and peeped continuously for three weeks. Just why they peeped they would not say, but I supposed they were either too hot or too cold, and therefore adjusted the temperature of the house up and down until most of the family had chronic catarrh. Finally the peeping diminished, chiefly because the cat got into the washtub and scrambled six of them beyond repair, whereupon the remnant was transferred to the back of the stove for safer keeping. And the next time the hired girl made a batch of biscuits she cooked four of them.

The remainder were moved outdoors to a charming little coop prepared for them by my own loving hands. All went well, except that a storm came up one night and none of those chickens knew enough to come in out of the wet, preferring to crouch by the outer wire and pray for better weather. Three having drowned in their tracks, I must needs bring the rest in and wipe them dry and feed them hot soup and port wine from a medicine dropper, in spite of which two took double pneumonia and died reproaching me.

Eight still remained, and fine young chickens they were, with appetites like ostriches and an infinite capacity for flying out of anything they were put into. One flew into a ten-ton truck and another committed suicide by entering into pointless argument about the cancellation of war debts with an English sheep dog. Four others surrendered unconditionally to the pip, gapes, staggers and foot-and-mouth disease.

Of the remaining pair we expected much, and counted our eggs long before they were laid. But it turned out at last that our two hens were roosters, with no more than a sentimental interest in eggs. I sold one to a neighbor for breeding purposes, and the neighbor — unwilling, no doubt, to break a beautiful friendship by any sordid financial considerations — neglected entirely to pay for it. The lone survivor stayed on a while and then disappeared overnight. I have every reason to suppose he went into the local colored ministry.

So experience taught me nothing, you see, about the price of eggs. It is not a personal problem; it has little to do with markets and household budgets; it really has little to do with eggs. Its anxiety and concern are by no means confined to the chicken-infested areas of South Jersey or California or Michigan. It invades every business, every public argument, every political conscience. Nobody cares overmuch about anything in this country apart from the price of eggs. Nobody, with the possible exception of pedagogues, political economists and those who do parlor tricks with pure statistics, troubles himself to weigh a problem or a proposition without throwing into the scale the price of eggs.

So whenever you wonder why a blue-eyed bartender in New York is a Democrat while his red-headed brother in Philadelphia is a Republican, consider the price of eggs. When a leaky-suitcase Congressman con-

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tributes his mite to a dry majority, make all due allowances for the price of eggs. If a manufacturer of sheet steel goes into a patriotic panic over preparedness, discount his devotion to the cause of national defense by the price of eggs. And remember as best you can in the heat of argument and the zeal of your cause, that public opinion settles most matters in this age of the passionate pursuit of prosperity with a single question: "What's it got to do with the price of eggs?"

DAYLIGHT SAVING

Emerson wrote of an Indian chief who made reply to some one who complained that he had not enough time. "Well," said the Indian, "I suppose you have all there is." Recognizing the Red Man's wisdom, we conclude that Daylight Saving is poorly named. After several summers of it, we ourselves have no more of the stuff of which eternity is made than we had before. We find that we can lose time, spend time or waste time, but we have no proof that we can save it. If we could, we don't know what we would do with it.

Presumably Daylight Saving is one of the remarkable but uncomfortable advantages of civilization. We live, they say, in an age of science, when the wit of man is busily correcting all the errors and oversights of original creation. Virtually everything else having been disposed of, it occurred to some one that we might, following Pope's advice —

Instruct the planets in what orbs to run;
Correct old time and regulate the sun.

Daylight Saving has been carefully and patiently explained to us by kind persons who understand such things, and we admit there may be something in it. We can see that it may make our electric light bills lower, principally because they can not possibly go any higher without blowing the safety-valve on the check book. But we can not explain it to the children, and if you think our children or anybody's children can be converted to a new bedtime schedule by a city ordinance, then you have forgotten your own childhood and are childless yourself.

We understand that Daylight Saving is not particularly popular with the country districts. In travelling around during the summer this prejudice boils up in local option at its worst, so that it is quite possible to arrive at one place before you have left another. The first question the traveller must ask the native is whether the town clock means what it says or is subject to a Daylight Saving discount. This fundamentalist disposition of the country districts has apparently something to do with the habits of cows. It seems to be as difficult to explain Daylight Saving to a cow as it is to convey the idea to our children.

Daylight Saving has possibly this to its credit; that through its daily gift of evening sunshine two suburban radishes may grow where but one grew before. But you can't prove the point to a farmer, who sets his clock by a cow. City folk may lay down a law to their taste, but country men will do as they please. Shakespeare doubtless had this in mind when he foretold the hazards of any law which takes in too much territory. "Dost thou think," quoth he, "that because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?"

THE PERFECT CHILD

Nothing in our personal experience suggests the remotest possibility of infantile perfection. We are aware of an infinitude of contingencies in childhood, but unadulterated integrity is by no means one of them. The closest which our own children ever come to the pink of perfection is on their original birthday, and they secede from it thereafter with the cumulative pace of an aviator walking home without his parachute.

But there must be such a thing as the perfect child, or Teachers College at Columbia University could not publish his picture. It has done so, in a pamphlet of 1,911 leading questions calculated to cover all possibilities in juvenile behavior and misbehavior. If you can answer each and all of them in favor of your child, then you are the proud possessor of a perfect infant and should also be arrested for perjury.

We suppose this questionnaire must be the most depressing document in all the dismal acreage of educational pontification. It isn't just Teachers College which affects us that way; it's the fundamental fact that the contemplation of perfection is an uncomforting and even irritating occupation. It upsets the

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appetite and gets on the nerves. So also do those who counsel it. We are abstractly in favor of perfection, but we despise to have it thrust down our throat. And we don't believe it can be enforced, anyhow.

Dr. Ruth Andrus prepared this preposterous yardstick for determining what sort of infant is totally acceptable to Teachers College, and no doubt she thoroughly enjoyed herself in the process. Nothing else would account for the incredible patience with which she has done the job, for it must be conceded that it takes time to tabulate 1,911 contingencies of childhood and to rate them for better or worse. But we take issue with the lady if she considers the job is done beyond amendment or repair. Out of personal experience we affirm that any child of two to five years of age who can think of only 1,911 ways to behave or misbehave should be taken at once to a doctor, and possibly have his tonsils out. Moreover, we believe it to be a typical piece of pedagogical presumption to suppose that any one can figure in advance what any child is going to do, particularly since he has already decided to do something else. And finally we criticize the questionnaire because it is manifestly and pointedly directed to the inconsiderable family and to the child who has few, if any, brothers and sisters to aid and abet him in expressing his personality. Teachers College persistently ignores the fact that it is biologically possible for a family to include not merely one or two children but six or eight or eleven. And with each addition the possibilities increase as the square of the distance and the cube of the root, until the brain reels at the prospect and turns gratefully back to the single problem of persuading one child at a time to wash behind his ears and leave the cat alone.

The perfect child, in fact, would never stay that way unless he were kept on a cake of ice hermetically sealed in a glass case, in which case he would do very nicely for a museum but would otherwise be a small comfort to his parents. He should also be sternly forbidden the company of his kind, or they would all go rapidly and happily to the bad like a forgotten barrel of apples. And in our most vindictive mood we could wish nothing worse for Dr. Andrus or Teachers College than that they be given the care and custody of a perfect child, with orders to keep him that way under penalty of the Jones Act and the padlock laws. Under such conditions they might soon discover that the care of an intoxicated camel or a bad-tempered boa constrictor would be a comparatively simple responsibility.

We have neither time nor patience to examine each of these 1,911 questions, 207 of which are devoted to emotional matters, 525 to mental qualifications and capacities, 864 to physical activities and the rest to those factors which make a child safe for democracy. But we commend a few of them for their particular charm and touch of gaiety. We find, for example, that the perfect child corrects and amends his parents but does not strike them. It is implied that he does not even bite them. He shows affection for fish, though whether this means that he makes pets of the goldfish or will readily inhale a sardine is not clear. He does not hesitate to knock down little girls when they tease him, being afflicted with none of the artificial inhibitions or dangerous repressions of a civilization which has sought peace in woman's suffrage. He never says "It is me" when he means "It is I," nor eats peas off a knife. And he never speaks, sings or recites the Declaration of Independence with a mouthful of mush.

These qualifications are reasonable, as the most captious or careless parent must admit. So is the suggestion that the perfect child will remove his shoes on going to bed, and will blow his own nose. We have always felt, even without the help of Teachers College, that the blowing of the nose is a peculiarly personal matter and one which it is difficult to delegate to the butler or the hired girl or even a trained nurse. And we will go so far as to admit that a perfect child or any other should be able to look a worm in the eye without flinching.

But our agreement with Teachers College comes a cropper over buttons and side garters. Teachers College wants and expects our children to button and unbutton their garments in the back without hollering for help, to hitch their own garters without strangling themselves, and to tie shoelaces neatly and to the point. We recognize the admirable intentions of these requirements. Buttons and garters are a painful though necessary problem, and it would be nice indeed if the children would take them off our hands. We look forward to old age and an invalid's chair principally because they should deliver us

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from infantile buttons and side garters. We admit that the parental time, trouble and temper spent on such matters, together with the related afflictions of galoshes, zippers and safety pins, can only be measured in light years or parsecs. And a parsec is a long, long time, as Dr. Einstein will tell you.

But we don't see that Teachers College has any constructive suggestion on the matter. It's all very well to say that a perfect child should attend to such problems himself, while his parents knock off another fifteen minutes' sleep. We have said so ourselves, or words to that effect. We have made the suggestion so often that the children see it coming and go blind and deaf to our subtle insinuations. So that the normal day still begins beneath a barrage of buttons and a tangle of garters and the perfect child is still a purely theoretical commodity.

Here lies comfort for those parents who take their Teachers College seriously. For the obvious net conclusion of this academic quest for the perfect child is that "there ain't no sich animule." Parents need not reproach themselves or their offspring too severely for falling some parasangs short of this hypothetical one hundred per cent. They should even rejoice in their failure. For one swift glance across this questionnaire reveals beyond dispute that the perfect child would also be a perfect nuisance and a pluperfect prig. He would also bore his parents stiff. Any child who could be counted on to behave consistently according to schedule — anybody's schedule — would be about as interesting and stimulating as a cuckoo clock or the multiplication table.

The apparent trouble with Teachers College is that it has no children of its own. This is enough to account for the fact that it knows so much about children and the raising of them. It is a common complaint, and even parents are not immune to it until they have been painfully inoculated with ignorance and humility born of experience. And it remains one of the most ironic mysteries of creation that Providence does not give us our neighbors' children, these being the only ones we really know how to raise.

We are sympathetic, of course, to teachers, having shared and survived their fate. But we do think they go off too much and often on junkets for which somebody else pays the bill. We think this particular cohort of them is tilting at windmills for lack of something better to do. It is setting up a straw man, or his miniature image, which will ultimately serve no useful purpose except to irritate the neighbors as they go about their business. And we foresee no substantial progress or profit in discussion of the perfect child while similar problems of much less complexity evade and defy solution.

It would be difficult, for instance, to define so simple an entity as a perfect hen's egg so that the description would satisfy the hen, the rooster, the Department of Agriculture and the great American breakfast table. It seems to be troubling the accumulated wisdom of the Senate to write a tariff schedule which will hurt nobody's conscience. We sing sweetly and sentimentally of "the end of a perfect day," but nobody could select a perfect day whose perfection would suit both the iceman and the coal dealer, or the straw hat manufacturers and the umbrella men. And not even Teachers College can chase perfection into a corner and make it stay there.

So the perfect child probably belongs among pedagogical pipe dreams and parental illusions, rather than in the realm of realities. We certainly can't locate him among our own children. We are equally certain that he doesn't live with the neighbors. And though the experts may write his code and qualifications and describe him from topknot to toenails, it won't much worry the average indescribable infant. They may even put him in the Constitution, the city ordinances, the radio programmes and every other modern version of the law and prophets. But we bet a hat they can't enforce him.

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